Action Caravan

THE MAN'S POCKET MAGAZINE

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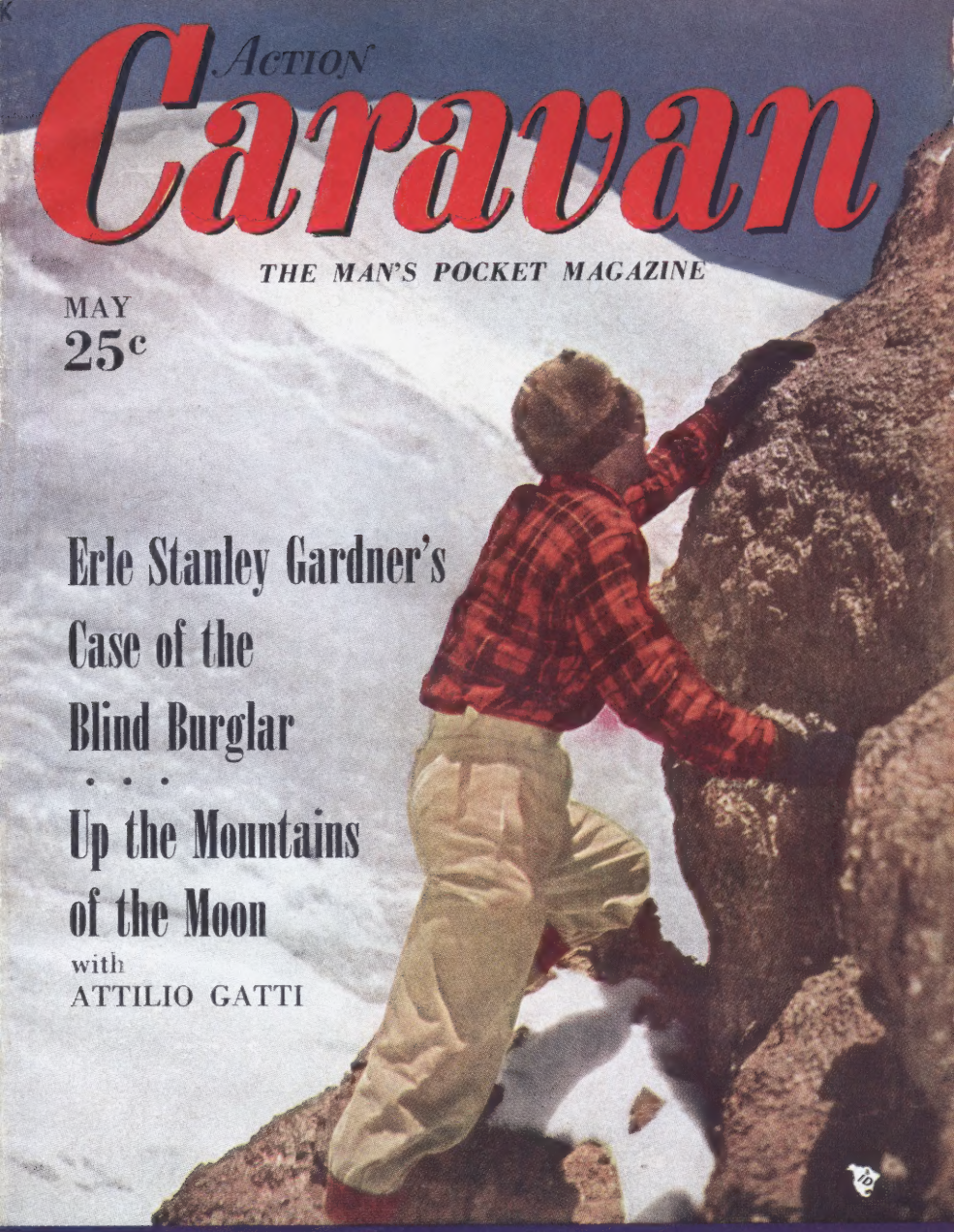

Erle Stanley Gardner's Case of the Blind Burglar

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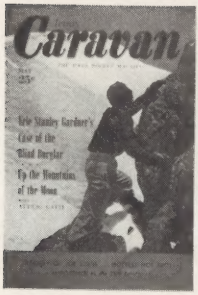
Up the Mountains of the Moon

with
ATTILIO GATTI

TRAGEDY OF JOE LOUIS . . . HOTTEST HOT SPOT
IMPOTENCE IS IN THE MIND

THE BULL WHACKER'S SEAT



WELCOME to the family of Action Caravan readers. As its title suggests, we will take you on many thrilling and entertaining journeys and adventures, vicariously of course, as the months go by. The far away places of the earth will not be too distant for our writers to visit; the sports you enjoy will be covered by top reporters; the personalities you would like to know will be introduced to you. There will be humor, stories of the advancement of medicine and science, of subjects concerning your health. If war comes, correspondents will bring you accurate, vivid accounts of the heroism, hardships, fun and sorrows of the defenders of our Republic and their allies. No subject close to the hearts of men will be omitted.

Caravan, the man's pocket magazine, has been designed neither as a journal of helpful hints to harried husbands nor a primer of self help but as a source of entertainment for he-men; rugged yet clean in character and content, never, we promise, losing its human interest appeal or its smell of sweat.

We believe you will like Caravan. If you do, tell us about it. If you have criticisms, tell us that, also. Our goal is to make Caravan the best magazine of its kind, to give you the utmost for your loyalty, patronage and money in reading entertainment. See you next issue.

HORACE BAILEY BROWN
EDITOR

Action Caravan

THE MAN'S POCKET MAGAZINE

HORACE BAILEY BROWN, *Editor*
ART WEITHAS, *Art Director*

MAY 1951
Volume 1, Number 1

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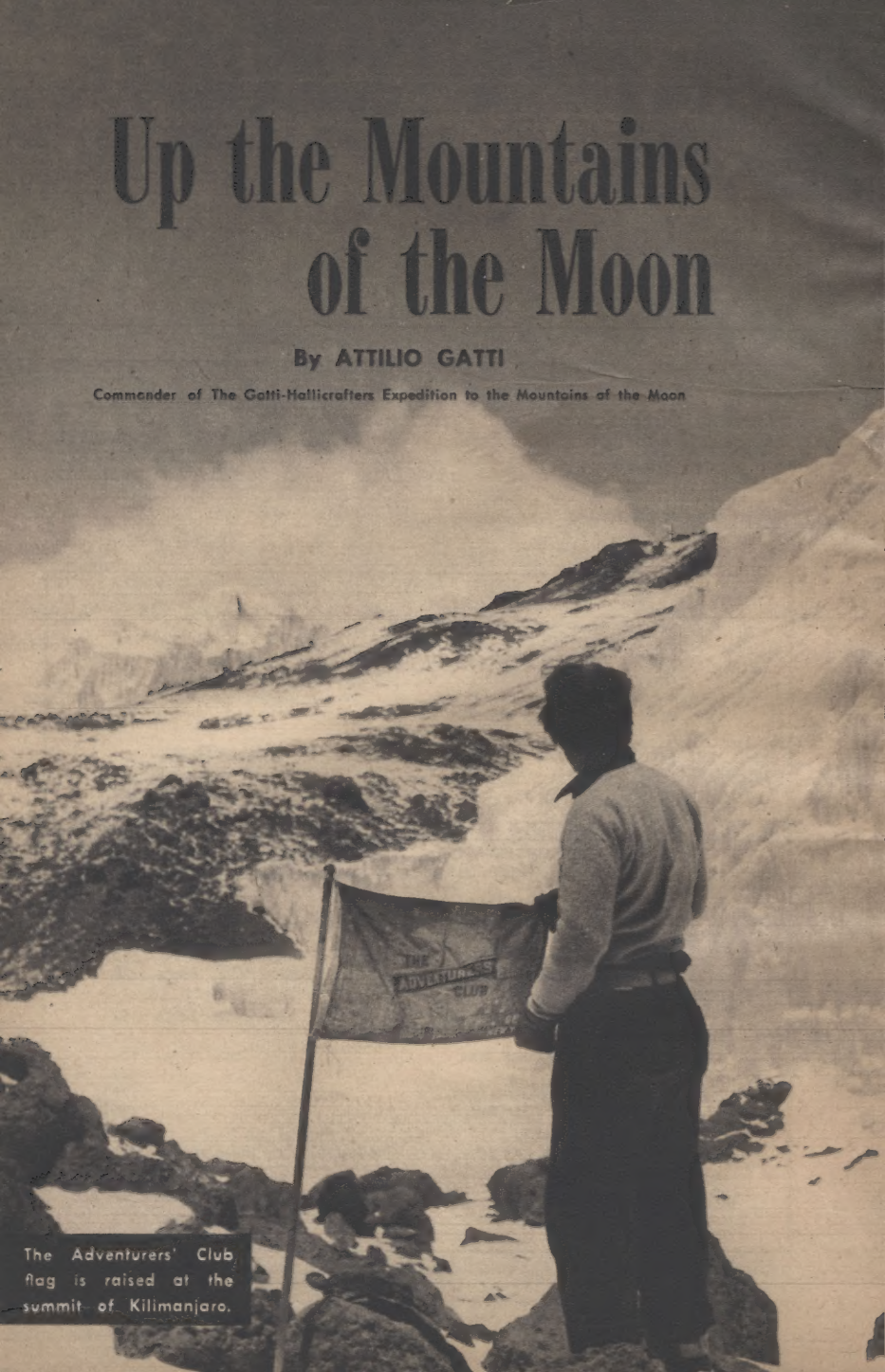
Up the Mountains of the Moon

By ATTILIO GATTI

Commander of The Gatti-Hallicrafters Expedition to the Mountains of the Moon



The Adventurers' Club flag is raised at the summit of Kilimanjaro.

Mysterious Kilimanjaro lures you to it's lofty peak, fourth highest in the world, with a famous African explorer.

YOUR neck is stiff from looking up, up, toward the perennial snow cap of the Kibo, Kilimanjaro's highest peak. In the whole world, its loftiness is second only to Asia's Everest, to South America's Aconcagua and to our McKinley. But its 19,896 feet of altitude would dwarf the Elbrus and all the mightiest Alps of Europe.

Kibo is the highest point of the Mountains of the Moon in Equitorial East Africa. In the distance, also partially obscured by billowing white cloud banks, is Kilimanjaro's towering twin peak, Mawenzi, 17,468 feet high with the famous "Saddle" between it and Kibo, literally the roof of the Dark Continent. It is this formidable mountain you are set to climb. So, even while you realize the futility of the gesture, upward you look and your neck gets stiffer, your heart starts fluttering, your self-confidence gets lower and lower.

A few persons have managed the feat before. But is your group going to succeed? Above all, are *you* going to make it?

You are a member of the Gatti-Hallicrafters Expedition, without the slightest training in mountaineering. You have been other times above 10,000 feet but in a pressurized plane cabin while here you will have no oxygen to help you. Others have dragged themselves up to that summit which appears and disappears high above gigantic banks of clouds. At least, these trail-blazers could concentrate on taking care of themselves while you and your companions are loaded with radio and photographic equipment and throughout the climb must take still and motion pictures in black-and-white and in color, broadcast, and make complicated radio experiments with high frequencies.

The British won't dignify this ascension even with the modest word of "climb." With typical understatement, they call it "the walk." Sure. But you know the British. And in Tanganyika they are even more British than at home. Not to be outdone, you, too, have called

The climb starts through Giant Lobelias with mighty Kilimanjaro in the distance.

it "the walk." Until a few days ago, that is. But not now that you are on your way. Now, you begin to think that being practically on the equator, these 19,896 feet might be even tougher than elsewhere. And the fact that the rainy season is approaching, with its icy snowstorms above, its unending hours of heavy waterfall below, soupy fogs and low, dense clouds everywhere, doesn't help any.

Johannes, the head guide, is swinging ahead of you and of your tropically-dressed companions. Behind stretches the long line of native porters, loaded with cases of warm clothes and of food for themselves and for the group of six whites.

Furthermore, the first hours seem to conspire in fooling the novice. The twisting, narrow path climbs gently through the *shambas,* the banana and palm plantations of the local Chagga natives. Even there at 5,000 feet the sun is warm, comforting. Naked black children run along, grinning and yelling. Half-naked, well-formed young women interrupt their gardening to look, smile a gay *jambo* in a flash of white teeth.

"Not so bad," says a cameraman. "It *does* look like a walk, after all."

The only answer, and a rude one, is given by the ground, which abruptly becomes steep, and disappears under the almost impenetrable mantle of the dark, silent, soggy equatorial jungle.

Nobody says another word, not even when surreptitious noises of cautious movement emanante from the thick walls of vegetation. Leopard, buffalo, rhino, elephant abound there. It's a game sanctuary, teeming with huge beasts. They should know

At six thousand feet the going gets rougher. The climbers halt for a much-needed rest.

that no one will hunt them and refrain from attacking. But what if one of them forgets the rules?

Anyway, no one has a gun. Too heavy to carry. It's hard enough as it is. Clenching their teeth, keeping their eyes on the narrower and narrower, steeper and steeper path, the men concentrate on the effort of keeping up with Johannes and the other guides.

As one slow, hard-breathing hour follows another, each man asks of himself the same questions: "Eight thousand, perhaps 8,500 feet, and already I have such difficulty in controlling my breath, my heart's beat. What, then, will I do tomorrow? And the next day?"

Johannes knows only too well what's going on in the minds of the white men, that they need a pick up. "In no time we'll reach the first hut," he says. "Bismark Hut. I helped build it some years ago for the East African Alpine Club. Soon we will get there, *Bwana.*"

Blistered feet in the vise of heavy shoes move a little faster. Still men and movie cameramen work with more zest. The radio operator speaks with a firmer voice in the mike of the radio pack. "Base Camp, calling Base Camp! We already can see Bismark Hut, a little bungalow made of stone and corrugated iron. We have reached it on schedule. Will call again tonight, after some hot tea and food."

Sun up, the second day, finds a disheartened group of sore-muscled men, dressed no longer in light shorts and blouses, but in warm woolen slacks and shirts. Last night a goal had been reached. Now, the temporary satisfaction has vanished before

the thought of a long day ahead.

Two puffs from a cigarette and it is thrown away to be instantly picked up with delight by one of the porters. As time goes and the altitude increases smoke is forgotten entirely. There are fits of coughing. Very few words are said, mainly about headaches and a feeling of nausea.

The strip of jungle, left behind at Bismark Hut, has given place to a hypnotically swaying sea of dry, golden grass from which emerge little, straw-like flowers of delicate pastel colors. The wind is strong, blasts in one direction after the other as the men climb up a rise, down a valley, up another, higher crest. The procession is much longer, as each man has had to adopt his own pace. One goes fast, as if to get it over sooner. Another plods along steadily, afraid to stop. All are mad at the wind. Tempers and headaches get worse as the atmosphere becomes more and more rarefied.

The scenery is splendid, grandiose. Hundreds of miles of the plains below are visible through the bluish haze but who wants to look? Who cares about the Giant Lobelias, five feet in circumference, eight feet nine inches high?

"To hell with the Lobelias!" you mutter.

"The scenery be damned. When do we get to the second hut?"

These fine guys, who for many months have been good friends, who have worked hard, uncomplainingly for the success of the expedition, suddenly are snarling at each other, grumbling, searching for new words with which to curse.

Again Johannes shows that he knows what this altitude means for people not accustomed to it. This morning he has sent the porters ahead under the supervision of an apprentice guide.

So, when Peter's Hut materializes, at long last, the diminutive shack appears like a magic palace. It is topped by a feather of smoke which the sibilant wind capriciously shatters. Inside, the cook is at work, water is boiling, frying pans are sputtering. Outside the porters haggle over the loads, trying to pull out everything which will not be needed until the return of the party.

For the following day they will go to the third hut — the last. Then they will rush back here to Peter's Hut and wait, as not even they can stand it up there at 16,000 feet.

Like sleepwalkers, the men arrive one by one, go through the confusion, and heedless of hot tea and ready food, slowly climb into a hard bunk, forced by the 12,500 feet altitude to seek the immobility which alone can ease a bit the short, gasping breath, the hammering, cruelly-drumming headache.

After a few hours of complete rest some manage to peel off a garment, others to swallow some food. But nobody dares to tackle those abominably heavy, imprisoning shoes. It is an almost impossible chore to take them off. And once off, who ever will have the strength, the unbelievable endurance of putting them on again?

The third morning the world has vanished. Except for Peter's Hut and the rocks on which it stands, Kibo and Mawenzi (Kilimanjaro's second highest peak), everything has disappeared under an immense ocean of billowing clouds. The silence is almost too much to bear. The blue sky above is blindingly bright. In every body, each bone is a sore, each muscle an exquisite pain. Irritation and bad tempers have

faded away, overpowered by a tremendous lassitude.

"Yet," says the radio operator into the mike, "photographers and cameramen are at work. But as if in a dream. Whatever is done is in slow motion."

The answer comes by radio from the Base Camp. "You sound quite in a dream yourself. Come on! Snap out of that slow motion and get moving. Remember, tomorrow is the tough day."

The operator shuts the circuit. "Hear that?" he slowly murmurs to the man who is trying to get up near him. "Tomorrow is the tough day. Not yesterday. Nor the day before. Nor today. Ha!"

This attempt at sarcastic laughter is worse than feeble. The other doesn't pay the slightest attention. He is too busy rising to his aching feet, gathering sufficient courage to tackle the unending, desert-like saddle which stretches eternally between the Kibo and the 17,468 feet Mawenzi.

To make it worse, the wind increases in velocity. As it sweeps away the clouds from the floor of the saddle, it reveals the tantalizing sight of Kibo Hut, the day's goal.

Johannes shakes his head. He begs everyone to forget about the hut, to look somewhere else, and to take it easy. Just the three things no one can do. The general impulse is exactly the opposite: "It's so near. Let's get there. But fast!"

Of course, Johannes is right. The most the best man can do is 75 steps. Then he collapses to the ground Some rest, some work, another spurt of energy and after some more 70, 75 paces, down again.

Under the sun helmets, out of stubble-covered, already-emaciated faces smeared with vaseline which is solid as wax a moment, dripping down the next, bloodshot eyes flash glances of hatred toward that tempting hut, so near, yet so impossibly far. Then some slow motion with radio or camera. Up again. Another 70 hard-willed steps. Another rest.

Hour after slow hour we move until the shale begins to make hours even longer, steps shorter, headaches sharper. At 15,000 feet in that shale the average man can do no more than 25 steps at a time. But at the end, consciousness begins to notice the porters who are trickling back, balancing on their heads empty boxes.

Empty boxes?

Yes. They are returning. A last formidable effort, a few more 25-step spurts, and Kibo Hut is there. The hut is paradise, although it has but four bunks. But blankets on the hard floor are welcome anyway.

The bliss doesn't last long. By 1:00 a.m. the party must start again, try to reach Kibo Peak, come back before the following night.

The return, of course, will be an entirely different matter. From the Peak to Kibo Hut, then, the next day to Peter's and Bismark's, and finally, in another day, to camp and shaving and bathing, to breathing, eating, sleeping again like human beings, will all be *down, down, down.*

But first there is the supreme effort to go up those remaining 4,000 feet of volcanic rock and scree, mostly coated with ice, carrying equipment for photography, broadcasting and checking radio conditions at the world's highest point on the equator.

That fateful 1:00 a.m. comes after a few hours of rest which feel as brief as a wink. Outside

there is a snowstorm. The first movements are agony. Each lifted foot weighs as much as a thousand feet did the previous day. A terrible sense of depression and discouragement is added to the intolerable headache.

Fifteen steps are all one can do. Then he needs a longer rest. Up the perpendicular wall swept by gelid winds, the lightest equipment feels like inhuman burdens.

On that icy, perpendicular scree! That's why the assistant guides stay behind, watching, shaking anyone taken by slumber.

But who remembers the agony of those last hours? All one recollects is the moment when the bleak, hostile wall suddenly ceases to be ahead of him. Through the slits of the goggles his eyes are stabbed with multiplied cruelty by the too brilliant frostiness almost flat under his feet. *Almost flat. Under his feet.* Lord! You have made it!

Peter's Hut is reached the second night. Here the party rests for the final effort.

Ears seem to have been replaced by burning spots through which blow head-splitting whistles. The pumping of the heart has become a slow succession of pounding explosions. Lungs have changed into overgrown bellows, frantically pushing against tender ribs. Feet and hands are infinitely heavy, desperately sore appendixes which, instead of helping you ahead, are mulishly attempting to drag you backward, downward, to destruction.

Johannes goes ahead. His assistants stay behind. Thirty seconds of climbing, two minutes of rest. The trouble is, the moment one stops, he falls asleep.

You want to cry, to laugh, to yell. But you are weak. You try again for a picture. You still can drum up a smile, after all.

You sign the book — the book you know you never will want to attempt to reach again.

You are standing at almost 20,000 feet. You are dizzy. Yet you think you hear the operator call the Base Camp. The uneven, gulping voice hesitates, then becomes more steady.

"Yes, all here on Kibo Peak. Mission completed. Signing off from the top of Africa's roof."

Radio operators with the expedition report progress of the climb to the base camp. They soon will be at the summit.

Three members of the expedition stand at the summit of Kilimanjaro, exhausted but happy to have been successful

Mac Dougall examines a loaded die

Hottest Hot-Spot

Sex, decks and dice compete for the sucker's dollar in Cook County's casinos of chance.

By MICHAEL MAC DOUGALL
Famous Card Detective

"SENATE investigation puts gamblers to flight." That's what the headline said. According to the story, published in an Illinois paper, most of the state's casinos were closing; proprietors were going into hiding; bribe-taking officials were attempting to cover up.

The McClure Syndicate, which handles my column THE INSIDE STRAIGHT, wanted the lowdown. Since the Chicago Tribune was to carry the story it had to be authentic and up-to-date. I flew to the Windy City, quickly discovered that somebody had sold

the newspapers a bill of goods. Never have gambling houses operated more openly; and never have authorities spread their palms so wide. If anyone doubts this let him pay a visit to Chicago's Monte Carlo, the hottest hotspot east of the Mississippi — Calumet City.

Cook County is studded with gambling communities — Cicero, Chicago Heights, Burr City, Whitney, Forest View, Stickney, Steger — but none compare with Calumet City, where sex, decks and dice compete for the sucker's dollar. Scores of honky-tonks, steer joints, gin mills, and bagnios are crowded into two short blocks. Every night, from dusk till dawn, neon-lighted State Line Avenue is alive with thousands of excitement-seekers, looking for a long drink and a fast gamble. They get both, and more. Tour the upholstered sewers with me and you'll see what I mean.

I left Chicago on the South Shore, got off the train in Hammond, Indiana, and hailed a taxi. "Calumet City," I said. Now the city proper is quite large, almost twenty thousand, but the cabbie didn't ask for more specific instructions. Evidently he knew from past experience just where to go.

On the way I engaged him in conversation and garnered some pertinent information. The town was controlled by a shadowy combine known as the Syndicate, survivors of the Al Capone mob. They stayed in the background.

Occasionally local authorities staged raids, designed to keep state police from intervening. Usually these cleanups were ordered by the gangsters themselves on a night when there was no business anyway. Just a few months previously, said my informant, the joints had been closed down for all of one night.

"Were the games on the level?" I asked. "How about cheating?"

The driver scratched his head. "I've heard stories about trick dice," he said, "but I think it was sour grapes from sore losers. As far as I know, you get a fair shake." But he had to admit he seldom, if ever, picked up a winner.

By then we were in the center of the "District." I got out in front of the Rip-Tide, the flashiest saloon in Calumet City.

I glanced up and down the street. It was just like being on the midway of a large carnival. Lights and more lights. Electric lights blinked on and off, neon tubes ran up and down. Almost all signs included the word "girls." Lovely girls, daring girls, exotic girls, shapely girls.

The Playhouse advertised the most beautiful girl in the world, the Show Club topped that by offering a new strip-tease every five minutes. The Ron-Da-Voo just had girls, the 21 Club girls "as you like them."

I strolled up one side of the street, down the other. Even from the outside it was apparent that most of the sucker traps mixed girls, gin, and gaming in equal proportions. They didn't wait for the passer-by to come in, they tried to reach right out and grab him. Almost all of the so-called shows were visible from the street. Some of the joints had outside spielers telling one and all of the delights to be had within. One nasal-voiced barker with a sense of humor kept chanting the praises of Serpentina, the Snake Girl. "That serpent measures twenty-seven feet from the tip of his head to the tip of his tail; twenty-seven feet from the tip of his tail to the tip of his head. A grand total of

Six-Ace flats. Curved edges of four sides make six, ace show frequently.

fifty-four feet. That's what you see when you go in there."

From the lurid pictures I surmised that Serpentina was being seduced by her pet. Down the street another beauty was being embrased by a skeleton.

One temple of luck, more enterprising than its competitors, had the star attraction, a strip-tease artist, disrobing in the window. She got down to two filmy veils, then invited the onlookers to come inside for the grand finale.

The shills at the rear started pushing forward and those of us in front were propelled through the door. I thought the promise of a complete strip was just the come-on but I soon learned otherwise. The window undresser stepped onto a small stage at the rear, whipped off her remaining filmsy garments and exited with an off-to-Buffalo.

The show continued with a series of untalented dancers who wiggled out of their clothes as quickly as possible and an unfunny comedian who depended entirely on off-color cracks.

I wandered over to the bar, ordered a bottle of beer. Immediately one of the numerous B-girls sidled up, put her arm around my waist and murmured in what was supposed to be a seductive voice: "I'm thirsty, lover boy. Won't you buy me a teeny-weeny drink?"

That's where I made my first mistake. I signaled the bartender, told him to take the lady's order. In less than ten seconds I was surrounded by B-girls, all clamoring for a teeny-weeny drink. I got rid of them by telling Betty, who had seen me first, that I'd cancel her champagne cocktail if she didn't speak up. She did, and the horde of leeches melted away.

I could see that Betty's drink, for which I had plunked down one dollar, was nothing but ginger ale. However, that bit of petty larceny was only the beginning. Betty, trying hard to be a temptress, offered to sell me the key to her hotel room for five dollars, payable in advance.

"I bought one of those keys once," I told her. "When I went looking for the room I couldn't find it but I did find a dozen other guys with similar keys."

Not at all put out at being caught in a none-too-subtle bit of chicanery, Betty showed me a handful of keys. "Before midnight," she boasted, "I'll have dropped 'em all."

At one end of the bar was a 26 game, presided over by a blowsy blonde, too old to be an entertainer, too young to be a madam. Betty suggested that I try my luck.

The rules of the game are simple. The player selects any number from one to six. He tosses ten dice from a cup thirteen

times. If he throws the number he has chosen 26 times or more he wins four times the amount of his stake.

I tossed over a quarter, choose number three, and upended the cup. Two cubes showed a three-spot. The dice-girl marked downed two on her score card, picked up the dice, replaced them in the cup. While doing so she clumsily palmed one dice, thus considerably reducing my chances of winning.

Now only a cad would accuse a lady, even an obviously imperfect lady, of cheating, so I said nothing, but when the game was finished, I declined to continue.

"I'm looking for faster action,'" I told Betty. "Aren't there any crap games around here?"

"Sure. In the back room. But It's early yet. They won't open for an hour or so."

That gave me my cue. "I'm going out for a breath of fresh air," I said. "I'll be back when the dice games open."

Betty, loath to lose such a promising sucker, tried to dissuade me, but I insisted. I bought her another counterfeit champagne cocktail, reiterated that I'd return later, and headed for the door.

At the next joint I brushed off a barrage of B-girls, got a seat at the bar, ordered another bottle of beer. The show was almost over. On a runway back of the bar eight girls were in the midst of a mass strip-tease. It was a case of all strip and no tease. Seemingly, they were engaged in a race to see who could get undressed first. Evidently the customers liked their stripping and their whiskey the same way — straight.

The show ended, the girls went off, the lights went up. In one corner I noticed a door guarded by a beetle-browed bouncer. I

Mechanic's grip. Second deal starts.

Left thumb pulls back the top card.

Right thumb pulls out second card.

Top card pushed back. Second is out.

walked over and asked if the crap game had started. He looked me over, decided that I was well-heeled and opened the door.

Directly across the room was the dice table, at one end the dealer, facing him the stickman. Three supposed-to-be players, whom I instantly recognized as shills, were listlessly toying with their chips.

On my left was a roulette wheel, canvas cover still in place. On my right a blackjack dealer waited for his first victim.

Perched on a small balcony, where they had a birds-eye view of the entire room, were two inside guards. I couldn't see their guns, but I knew they had them.

At the cashier's cage I bought twenty dollars worth of chips. At the dice table I asked for the house rules. The limit was fifty dollars. Anything over that had to be okayed by the manager. You could bet on the line or back of the line but you couldn't bet other players. On any point you could lay the odds or you could take the odds, paying five percent vigorish either way.

When it was my turn to shoot the dealer offered me a bowl containing about thirty dice. I selected two. The moment those dotted cubes were in my hand I knew the game was as honest as a two-foot yardstick. The dice were six-ace flats, designed to yield the house considerable additional revenue.

On each dice, four of the sides, the two, three, four, and five, were slightly rounded. Not enough to notice but enough to affect the roll. The one and the six, which are on opposite sides, were absolutely flat. Hence the trade name, six-ace flats.

When dice so shaped are thrown on the level surface of a dice table, naturally the flat sides come up much more often than the curved sides. Any devotee of the galloping dominoes can tell you that when one and six appear frequently the house's advantage is greatly increased. The shooter throws plenty of craps — two aces, ace-deuce, and two sixes. When he does get after a point he sevens out quickly with a six-ace.

I figured the McClure Syndicate would want a pair of those money grabbers for illustrative purposes and I knew just how to get them. Mindful of the armed hoodlums on the balcony, I decided to be extra careful.

For almost an hour I stalled along, making one-dollar bets. By that time the customers had begun to flock in. More than a score were crowded around the dice table. Now, when the dealer and the stickman were always busy, was the time to make my move.

Once again it was my turn to shoot, once again the bowl was offered. Accidentally, I tipped it over, spilling dice all over the table. While helping the dealer retrieve the scattered cubes, I managed to palm a pair. When I had sevened-out I quit the game, those six-ace flats tucked in my watch pocket.

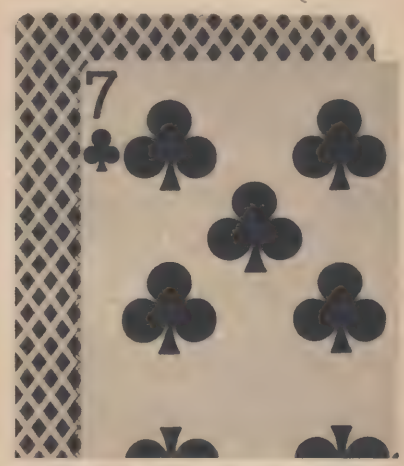
Before leaving I took a fling at roulette. The wheel was a four-way throwoff, gaffed for odd and even, red and black. The croupier couldn't draw the ball into any particular number but he could keep it out of any number, which was almost as good.

At the Blackjack table the dealer was using Bee sort-edge cards, the only unmarked marked deck in the world. The back of Bee cards is an all-over diamond design. If the card has full diamonds on both ends and both sides, the dealer knows it is

Full diamond on both sides and ends indicates small cards, 2 through 5.

Full diamond on sides, half diamond on ends is large card, 10 to kings.

Half diamond on both sides and ends shows the cheat the card is an ace.



Half diamond on sides, full diamond on ends is medium card, 6 through 9.

low — 2, 3, 4, 5. A half-diamond all around denotes an Ace.

Medium sized cards, 6, 7, 8, 9 have full diamonds on the ends, half diamonds on the sides; high cards have half diamonds on the ends, full diamonds on the sides.

I wanted four of those cards, one of each type. Elbowing my way through the knot of players I bellied up to the table, asked to be dealt in.

I got a five-spot down, a ten up. The top card of the deck showed nothing but full diamonds, which meant it was a low card. "Hit me," I requested. Quicker than the eye could follow, the dealer, a skillful number two man, gave me, not the top card which would have helped my hand, but the second, a face card, which threw me over.

I signified that I had lost by turning the cards face down. I handed them to the dealer, he placed them, face up, on the bottom. Just as his sleight-of-hand

had cheated me, my sleight-of-hand had cheated him. The five-spot remaining in my palm soon was transferred to a safer place.

A few minutes later I had a chance to cop an Ace. Two cards were the most I dared take out of one deck. Any more and the trained fingers of the dealer would tell him the pack was light.

"These red cards are unlucky," I complained. "Put in the blue deck."

Obediently, he changed packs. Five minutes later I walked away, proof that the game was crooked in my pocket.

While the cashier was counting my remaining chips I got a preview of what would happen if I were caught. One of the crap-shooters, with too much liquor and not enough sense, shouted that his point had been four, not five. Despite the assurance of everyone at the table that he was mistaken, the drunk continued to demand his money back.

Finally one of the gorilla-like bouncers approached the objector from behind, twisted his arm in a half-nelson, and tip-toed him to a back door which apparently opened on an alley.

The drunk went flying out, the bruiser closed the door. A minute later there was a terrific racket. The bouncer jerked the door open. The foolhardy sot was pounding on the wall with the metal top of a garbage can. When the door was opened, he came charging in. Nobody was going to put him out, he proclaimed. He was right. The heavy-handed ex-pug didn't put him out, he knocked him out. Then the senseless body was callously kicked into the muck of the alley. Mentally I patted myself on the back. I was leaving, of my own free will, on my own two feet.

In the next few hours I visited an even dozen houses of chance. The story was the same wherever I went. Most of the games were as crooked as a spiral staircase. Educated dice, obedient wheels, and self-revealing decks were everywhere.

The last place I approached was a high class dump. For members only, I was informed. How does one get to be a member, I asked the doorman. "See the manager," was the laconic reply. "He'll give you a card."

I climbed the stairs to the office. The gunman in charge looked as though his face had been caught in a meat grinder. A huge bulbous nose, cauliflower ears, pig-like eyes, and a jutting chin. I thought him the ugliest man I had ever seen. A minute later, and I changed my mind. The manager was even more horrible.

Shorter than the fuzz on a welcome mat, with the general build of a fire hydrant, arms that hung below his knees, and a mouth so large he could eat a banana sideways. When he spoke he disclosed a row of blackish, uneven fangs.

I told my prepared story: that my name was Jack King; I manufactured plastic novelties; I was in Chicago for a convention; I wanted a little excitement. He scribbled his name on a membership card and handed it over. I turned to go, and stopped short. On the wall were a couple of newspaper photos and a sign: IF THIS MAN EVER PLAYS HERE REPORT TO ME AT ONCE.

And whose photos were they? Mine!

Several years ago I wrote an expose of gambling for a Chi-

cago paper. The photos were from that article. Never have I been so glad that I don't take a good picture. Never again will I complain to photographers that they make me look like a fugitive from a booby hatch.

Fortunately for me neither the gargoyle at the desk nor his brutish assistant had noticed my interest. Quickly I walked to the door and scurried down the stairs, leaving the building. No use tempting fate too far, I thought. From then on I confined my investigations to the bars and shows.

One thing I can report is that the drinks are cheap and potent. The impresarios of this modern Barbary Coast have long since learned that a well-oiled man, like a well-oiled machine, can be handled with a minimum of friction.

Along towards dawn I began to wonder what would happen if I complained to the police that I had been swindled in a dice game? There was only one way to find out.

I borrowed an envelope from the desk clerk at one of the pseudo hotels, put in the cards from the Bee sort-edge deck, a few papers which might identify me, and mailed it to my hotel in Chicago. Then I enquired the way to police headquarters.

At the station a bored officer listened to my tale. I had been cheated in a dice game, I said, and produced the six-ace flats.

"I don't see anything wrong with those dice," said the cop. "You're imagining things. Go home and get some sleep and you'll feel better."

I refused to leave, insisted on pressing the charge. At last the angered officer handed me a form, instructed me to fill it out, and sign it. I did, and he promptly placed me under arrest.

"What's the charge?" I asked.

"Gambling," he replied. "It's illegal to gamble in this state. And right here I've got your signed confession."

"Okay," I said. "But what about the men I gambled with? They broke the law too. Aren't you going to arrest them?"

"Nope. I didn't see 'em, and they didn't confess."

So it was that I spent the next few hours in a vermin infested cell. In the morning I plead guilty, paid a small fine, and hastened back to my hotel for a hot bath. I had seen enough of Calumet City.

Beat the Law Department

You bowl with ten pins. Know why, then, the game is referred to as nine-pins? Because during the 19th Century they used to gamble wherever and whenever the game of bowling, then played with nine pins, was contested. A law was passed, forbidding the game of nine pins. So the public began playing the game without breaking any law, with ten pins.

Case of the

BLIND BURGLAR

The story of Lester Campbell was discovered by my friend, Erle Stanley Gardner, criminologist, famous mystery writer and creator of Perry Mason, one day recently when he was visiting Washington State Penitentiary, at Walla Walla, in connection with his work for the Court of Last Resort, his outstanding department in Argosy. Mr. Gardner's great interest in assisting men unjustly convicted of crimes, is well known, but his humanitarian efforts to aid those who, while paying the price of guilt make honest efforts to prepare themselves for future useful citizenship, are less understood. Because of his desire to be of service to them, he has made available to the readers of Caravan this hitherto unpublished and fascinating story of an unusual convict and has instructed that the entire payment for the article be sent to Campbell.

The Editor

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

WILL Gilbert, one of the volunteer chaplains, was hurrying me up the hill as though we were rushing to a fire.

"Just eight or ten men," he said. "If you'll talk with them you'll have a better picture of the summaries I sent you. It will only take a couple or hours."

Bill was so anxious to see that every minute of my time was conserved for interviews that he all but dragged me up the flight of concrete stairs which led to the big front door of the state prison at Walla Walla, Washington.

Gilbert's semi-official status cut a lot of red tape formalities, and within a matter of minutes we had passed the big portals, through the inner gates, and the memory of the sun-swept exterior, the carefully trimmed shade trees, the close-cut velvet lawn became as part of another world.

The men in here had ceased to be individuals. They were merely numbers.

In the big enclosure, men who were enjoying a recreation period were huddled together in little groups. Above these groups were the prison towers silhouetted against the blue sky. In those towers, guards kept the men under constant surveillance, machine guns in readiness.

Here were men deprived of women, liberties and incentive,

men who were living their lives in cages, and the aura of the place held a sticky quality of mental despondency.

Bill Gilbert, with a nod here and a smile of greeting there, rushed me across the yard and into the prison hospital.

We talked with two men there, then we went to the office of the prison newspaper and a little later to one of the administration offices where in rapid succession half a dozen men came in, told me their stories and left.

Every one of these men had a story that needed investigating. On the face of it every one of them quite possibly was in prison for a crime which he had not committed.

Sad experience has taught us that frequently prisoner's stories simply don't stand up when it comes to careful investigation but where the chaplain already has weeded out the psychopaths and malingerers the situation is different.

With the limited time at our command we knew that it was impossible to make a complete investigation of all these cases. We did, however, hope to build up a backlog from which we could pick those all too few cases on which Argosy's so-called "Court of Last Resort" is able to make detailed presentations. These are limited to two or three cases a year, yet there are dozens which should be handled if time and space were only available.

When we had finished our interviews, Bill wanted me to go around and see a few of the men — "Just to cheer them up, give them perhaps a word of advice, a pat on the back, inspire them to utilize the facilities for rehabilitation which the prison afforded," he said.

There wasn't much time for Bill to brief me on these cases. We took them as we found them. Men who were finding the going pretty rough, men who needed a bit of encouragement, men wha had turned to Bill for help, who had come to learn the value of divine guidance.

Most of these men are mentally ill. They aren't essentially bad men, but they haven't the power to resist temptation. When they are within a prison where temptation is removed they are sincerely repentant, they yearn for the consolation of religion. Some of them strengthen their characters so that when they are released they struggle up the hard come-back trail and achieve success.

Others put up a determined but ineffective fight for a while, then drop back into the ways of the underworld.

Part of the fault is theirs and part of the fault is undoubtedly that of society.

A man who is released from prison, wearing a prison suit of clothes, with a prison haircut, ten dollars in his pocket, and is told to find profitable employment, is hardly in a position to become self-supporting.

Gilbert said, "Let's look in here for just a minute. Here's a man I think you can help. He's trying to write."

And so we ran up a flight of concrete stairs, walked down a corridor, opened a door and there, in a corner of the room sat one who looked at us with the vacant stare of a blind man.

A blind burglar.

"Lester," Bill Gilbert said, "Erle Stanley Gardner is here. I told you I'd bring him if he could possibly make it. Here he is."

Lester Campbell's hand came out in a groping circle, searching for mine.

I put my hand in his. I could feel the man's surprise, his surging, incredulous hope, his feeling that perhaps this was all a dream.

He was for the moment too excited to talk. He tried to say something but the words wouldn't come. And because he knew that my visit would be brief, the knowledge that he had lost his ability to speak was a disappointment that threatened to throw him completely off balance.

But Bill Gilbert has an intuitive knowledge of what these men are thinking, so he did Campbell's talking for him.

"Lester Campbell," he said, "started writing a while ago. I thought perhaps you might give him some helpful hint."

Lester Campbell's face held an eagerness that was a hunger. This visit meant a lot to a man who was confined in prison, watching the days go by, trying to write, struggling with problems of technique, having no one to whom he could turn for advice — and now that he was to have a few moments with a professional writer, he was so tense he couldn't think of the questions he wanted to ask.

He had a little corner of a room fixed up into a compact office, with manuscripts neatly piled, a typewriter and stationery, all within easy reach.

I tried to put him at ease by explaining that I wasn't an editor, I was only an author who had concentrated on a highly specialized type of writing, but I'd be glad to discuss any technical problem he might have, and perhaps, as one writer to another, I might be able to help him.

That started him talking but he still couldn't remember the questions he had been wanting to ask.

He picked up a manuscript.

"This is something I tried to do," he said apologetically. "It fell flat. I don't know why. This is a book length that I've just finished and I think it's good, but of course it's hard for me to judge my own work. Now here are a couple of little short things I've written."

I felt that I could do Campbell more good talking with him than I could by wasting the short time I had to spare by reading manuscripts but I glanced at a paragraph and then I became interested.

Undoubtedly the man had the ability to put thoughts on paper.

Here and there his work showed the amateurish touch which shattered the reading illusion. For the most part, once I had started to read any sentence I wanted to finish the paragraph, and when I finished the paragraph I wanted to finish the page.

I chatted with him for a few minutes about technical problems of characterization and dialogue, and then I picked up one of his short skits.

"I'm going to take this with me," I said. "I want to look it over."

His face showed how much that meant to him. He still was having trouble finding words.

I told him that I must be going, that I had an appointment and time was pressing.

So the blind burglar's hand groped once more in a questing circle until I put my hand in it.

That was three months ago. After that first meeting I started corresponding with Campbell and I have come to learn much about him.

He has developed an interesting philosophy. He feels that God took away his sight in order to make him see. When he had his

normal vision he saw only the externals. He couldn't see them clearly enough to tell right from wrong. Because he has lost his sight he feels that he can visualize things more clearly; that God is helping him, now that he is determined to help himself.

In New York, I told Horace Bailey Brown, the Editor of CARAVAN, about the blind burglar who wrote stories that somehow had a smashing impact, and Brown, becoming interested, asked me to send him the skit I had picked up that day when I had been visiting Lester Campbell.

When Brownie saw this little skit, he knew Campbell could write. He sent me a letter telling me so and offering to buy the story for publication in the first issue of CARAVAN.

I have just received a letter from Lester Campbell. The first sentence is typical of what is going on in the man's mind. It reads:

> "So many good things have happened to me since I met Rev. Gilbert, renewed my acquaintance with the church and Him . . . and now this swell letter . . ."

Lester Campbell's prison term is going to expire one of these days. Within a year or so he'll be groping his way down the front steps of the prison into an outside, alien world.

Perhaps by that time he will have developed his writing to a point where it can support him.

There it is. A drama of real life, a blind burglar.

And so I want you readers to meet Lester Campbell, author of "NIGHTMARE," the skit that I picked up that afternoon within the walls of the state prison. It is his own story told in his own words.

By LESTER CAMPBELL

NAKED, but for the bed-sheet over me, I lay ill and in torment. Outside the open window Brenda, my wife, laughed gaily at the snide remark of Marcus, my friend, as he helped her astride her horse. With a pang of anguish I heard her retort, not meant for my ears. Then the clatter of departing hooves left me with a feeling of despair.

The heat of mid-day was stifling. I felt as though I was

suffocating. Even the ripple of the brook, not far away, was hot and oppressive. I kicked back the sheet to let my body breathe. I heard Maida, the Indian housegirl, in the hall outside my room busy with her broom and as her moccasined feet came nearer I covered myself again. I felt her eyes upon me, heard her tidying my bed-side table.

"Missy Brenda she go to ride with your friend. She say tell you she be home for dinner. Your bed a mess." She lifted the sheet and smoothed it. "Umph," she said softly, "you hot. Bad fever. When work is done I come back."

The gurgle of the brook faded. I seemed to be struggling up an embarkment. It was dark, so damned dark. But I was making headway. For a moment I stopped to rest listening for the sound of the water, but I couldn't hear it. I pulled myself through the brush and over tortuous rocks. The highway must be near, I thought. In the darkness I wondered why there were no lights from passing cars. Presently, I seemed to be standing on a wide pavement. Then I heard voices like gay, happy couples moving past me. I thought here was love, endless, indifferent to all else. I moved along with them, fought to become a part of them but they passed my by without noticing that I was alone. In a frenzy I tried to be seen, heard. "Brenda!" I shouted. But the darkness enveloped me, the voices faded in the distance and I was alone again. I seemed to be falling down the embarkment that a few minutes before I had climbed so laboriously. "Brenda," I sobbed, "come back!"

For as instant I felt her eyes upon me, loving eyes; felt her cool fingers caress my forehead. "Come," she whispered, "we must hurry. I'll light your cigarette. There, smoke it quickly. Hurry. Yes, you may kiss me first but they will be back soon."

Together we fought our way up the embarkment toward the highway to join the others, whose voices were returning. The rocks were there as before but she helped me over them. It did not seem dark now, for she was with me, her hand in mine, guiding me.

Suddenly I felt a cooling breeze. It was from my window. I heard the brook again, the sound of the running water refreshing. I felt relaxed, comfortable, contented. She was sitting on the edge of my bed. Brenda, I thought. Then I wondered, for *I am blind.*

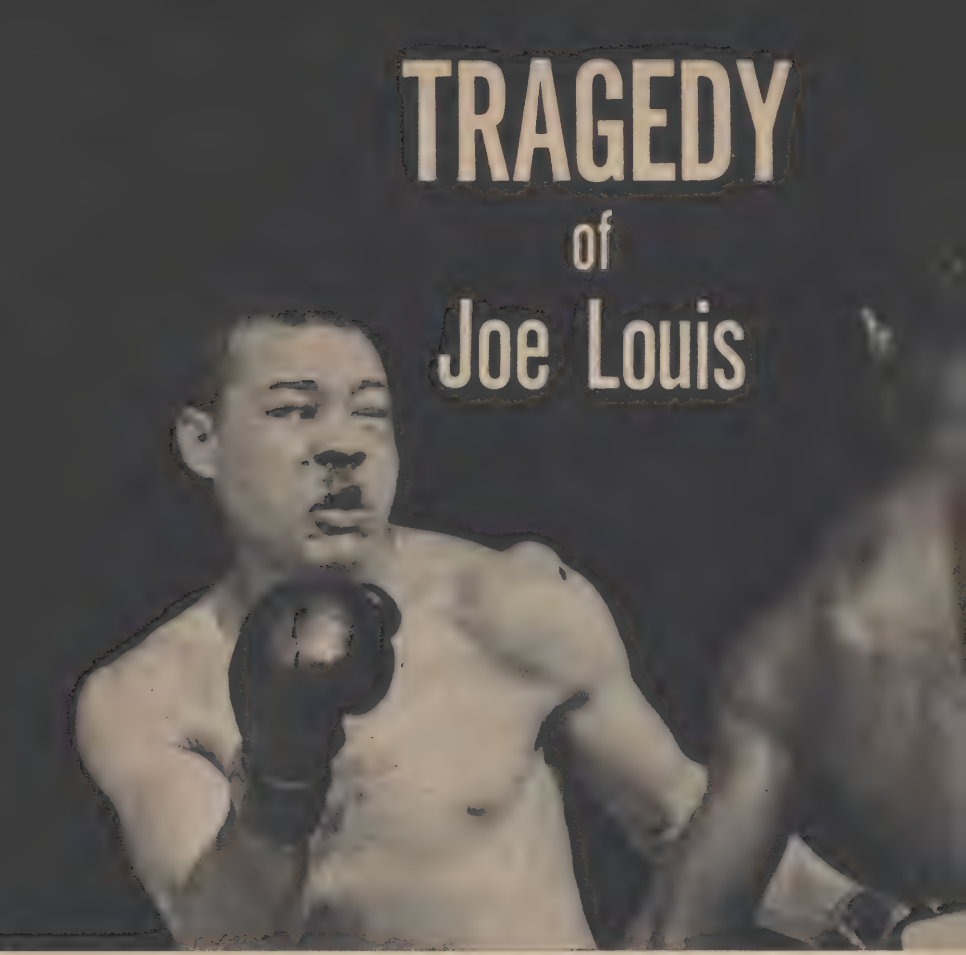
The clatter of horses hooves sounded in the gravel driveway. I heard Brenda laugh and Marcus call out.

I felt her hand on my forehead, warm and gentle. She said: "Umph, you good!"

The Long and Short Of It!

Jimmy Powers, picked as the top TV sports commentator by the nation's radio and television editors, revealed his secret of good TV commentating: Use Short Words, at Long Intervals.

TRAGEDY of Joe Louis



Louis was a pathetic figure as he lost to Ezzard Charles.

Why Did the Great Champion Emerge from Dignified Retirement and Fight Again? What Became of the Famous "Louis Loot?" Here are Some of the Answers.

By REVERE McVAY

IN September, 1949, fifteen years after Joe Louis' explosive fists had drawn more than eight million dollars at the box-office, the comeback of the 36-year old champ against the battering of youthful Ezzard Charles ended with Joe a sadly whipped counterfeit of the once feared Brown Bomber. A sympathetic public winced at the brutal sight but

puzzled over the motives which made the comeback attempt necessary.

After Louis had kayoed Jersey Joe Walcott in a second bout in 1948 Joe made it clear he was hanging up his gloves as defending champion. When it was announced last summer that Joe was suffering from acute money pains and would take on Charles for the title he so recently relinquished, the average sports follower felt it was a gag, there was a catch somewhere. Even gallery inhabitants were familiar with increased taxes and living costs. This fell short of explaining the Louis pinch. Wasn't it true that Louis had earned around four million dollars in purses since 1935? Sure, that was right. With such a pile how could it be that Joe was so hard put for ready scratch?

You read about some guys in the papers, spendthrifts they call them, guys with a fast buck who wound up flat broke, then went for dry dives from tall buildings. The gendarmes found the poor chumps invested too many times in slow horses and fast babes.

As far as anybody could recall there wasn't a rap like that against Joe. But even if he had lived well, four million was a big chunk. Where did all that cash disappear? Look at Tunney and Dempsey!

In the face of what appears to be a financial contradiction, the tithes of March annually remind us that old Ben Franklin himself, with all his notions of thrift, might have a time of it these days to put aside much sheltering cash against the inevitable rainy day. And Ben never earned anything like Louis took in. The

The four pictures above show Louis winning the championship from Jimmy Braddock at the start of his career.

Louis wins from Max Baer impressively in a savage fight.

fact is, Joe is not ready for the soup kitchens but he has had the zing put on his big money by the Internal Revenue Department until well over a million dollars has been skimmed off. Probably the toughest battles in which Joe has engaged have not been in the ring but have centered around his struggles to remain abreast of his tax problems.

Four million dollars is an eye-opening figure but it doesn't represent what Louis has netted for himself after his tax assessments. He has managerial deals with John Roxborough, who discovered him; with Marshall Miles, a new co-manager, and with his former wife, Marva. Before the war Roxborough and Julian Black took the manager's usual 50 per cent slice. Hence, Joe's income after managerial expenses figured to be in the neighborhood of two million dollars, depending on the side money he may have obtained. He has stated that Federal and State taxes have accounted for a bite of about 80 cents on each dollar he earned. Probably Joe himself never will know how much he has netted. Some have estimated his take-home money to have been between $700,000 and one million. His tax rate was reduced in 1947 when he incorporated his earnings under the name of Joe Louis Enterprises, Inc.

Joe's decline into the fiscal quicksands began shortly after Pearl Harbor. At the outset of his pro career in 1934 his annual earnings rose to the six-figure bracket. By 1940 his thumping mitts were stilled for want of targets. That year, a mere four fights brought in only $117,455.-25, a considerable drop from the previous years. The following year was happier. Seven fights and one exhibition amassed $471,892.00. Yet after taxes and other cuts, he found himself pressed by many obligations.

He had bought his mother a home, as well as houses for other family members. He furnished them and assumed payment of the taxes. He put his sister through college. He married, then bought apartment houses in Chicago and Detroit. He bought a dude ranch outside of Detroit. He lost more than $40,000 in a Chicago cafe. He dropped $25,000 in a Detroit res-

Schmeling knocks out Louis.

Louis has his revenge.

taurant. They profited while Joe was present; failed when fights called him elsewhere.

As a kid he wore hand-me-downs. It was natural and human that tailor-made outfits costing $150 to $200 would catch his eye. At one time he had at least 100 in his wardrobe. Manager Roxborough learned early that Joe had a passion for driving big, fast cars and had invested in several over-sized chromium jobs for himself and relatives.

The memory of his own early poverty made Joe generous to a fault. The constant retinue of pals and hangers-on never suffered for lack of Joe's pocket money.

While training for the first Schmeling fight, two newsmen, the late Hype Igoe and Walter Stewart, contributed golf to Joe's overhead as well as to his future pleasure. This sport, demanding elusively perfect playing form, had Joe daily chasing the white balls, swatting them over 36 holes, indifferent to rain, sleet, thunder or lightning. He plays well but a tendency to back his skill with wagers has removed money from Joe's pockets like the bulldozing a duffer's divots give a fairway.

By the close of 1941 Joe had collected close to two million for nine years in the ring yet despite this total his living standards, taxes, manager's percentages and other obligations found him with little reserve cash. Now the war was on and boxing took a back seat.

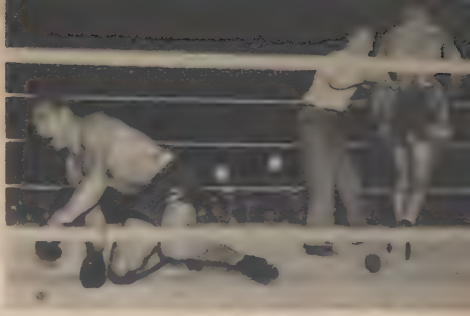
In January 1942 he fought Buddy Baer the second time. Joe's $47,100 purse was his char-

itable donation to Navy Relief. Three days following he enlisted in the Army. This new pattern of living cut off his large earnings but failed to erase his outside committments. People and promises had to be cared for. In the camps Joe liked to do things in the manner of a champion. He went "first cabin" at all times. Joe bought things and snatched checks at the PX. His GI income never came close. When it was gone he needed fresh money. When he fought Abe Simon in 1942 for Army relief, again he donated $36,146, got nothing himself, but bought several thousand dollars worth of tickets so his Camp Dix pals could see the fight for free.

Until he was discharged in 1945, Joe made very little outside of a Technical Sergeant's pay. But his overhead wasn't suspended and the extent of his committments required an oil well or a rich uncle to liquidate them.

Joe's rich uncle proved to be Uncle Mike Jacobs, head man of the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, Mr. Fight Promoter himself. Uncle Mike greased the wheels of Joe's progress into a sizeable load of indebtedness during and after the war. Mike had it and Joe needed it. The figure has been guesssed at as around $500,000. Joe's purse for the second Conn fight was $625,916.44. But it must be recalled that a payoff was due to taxes, managers, fixed obligations, and now there was Uncle Mike in line, also, to be paid.

Mike charged no interest. He was well aware that with Louis under obligation to him, threats from new promotional forces, then appearing, would get nowhere without the big heavyweight attraction, Joe. But it is doubtful if Louis would have



Camera goes the way of the others.

gone far afield. Joe remembered that Mike had given him and Roxborough a break at a time when a colored fighter and a colored manager, got little but crumbs and occasionally had to do a "tank" job to stay in business. Mike never made any such demands. Of course, Joe's fists soon put him in a class by himself but he knew many other fighters of his race stayed on the fringe for years trying to get started. Joe also remembered that Mike had given Champion Jimmy Braddock a 10 percent slice of Mike's share of Joe's fights for ten years to get him a crack at the title. It was a time when the Madison Square Garden Corporation had Braddock and Schmeling lined up for

Joe's lethal fists get Billy Conn.

the title and while Jacobs became the chief beneficiary, the title increased Joe's earnings as well as doing him honor.

In 1945 Joe and Marva were divorced. Some of Joe's advisors disagreed with him concerning the terms of the divorce settlement. When Julian Black's connection with Louis was severed and a new manager, Marshall Miles of Buffalo, came into the picture, he also brought in $40,000, which Joe needed and in return for which, Miles became the owner of a 25 per cent share of Joe's managerial end. In lieu of alimony, Marva became a manager. But her 25 per cent of Joe's earnings went to a trust fund for their children.

Joe hit the hinterlands on an exhibition tour through Mexico, Central and South America in 1947. The gross came to $132,200 but the junket had been expensive. That winter Joe fought Walcott the first time. As an indoor affair it drew only $75,968 for Joe's end. The corporate set-up was functioning at this time and the tax bite at least wasn't as high as heretofore. But back taxes existed. There were debts and other current obligations. Mike helped out with fresh cash.

A reconciliation was brought about between Joe and Marva in 1948, they were remarried and for a second honeymoon Joe took her to England, France and Belgium. Exhibitions there took in about $86,000. Marva's chief complaint had been that Joe left her alone for long periods while he was away at his ring wars. Determined to show her a good time, Joe spared neither the horses nor his cash outlays. Magazine articles and more exhibitions followed and after his victorious encounter with Walcott, he began to feel that he might as well forget about the training grind and concentrate on being a business man.

About this time, in Chicago, he and his advisors, Miles and Roxborough as well as Truman Gibson, Jr., his lawyer, and Theodore Jones, his accountant, got together in an effort to establish for him a $50,000 a year income after taxes, modest for Joe but requiring quite a bit of "establishing."

At this point Arthur Wirtz and Jim Morris, who controlled key boxing arenas throughout the country, formed the International Boxing Club and cut Joe in for a one-third partnership for his participation and being a part-time matchmaker. But when Morris moved to New York and bought out the ailing Mike Jacob's Twentieth Century Sporting Club, it was reported Joe's share was cut and as a source of profit was small.

On the businessman side, Joe turned to other ventures in his domain. In 1948 he and Colvin Roberts opened an interracial trade school in Chicago. An eight-month course in auto mechanics with tuition at $500 was offered. In less than a year 300 students had enrolled with accommodations for 1000. His managers hoped eventually to realize $1000 a month for Joe from this operation.

The "Joe Louis Punch", a soft drink, was launched with fanfare enough to make fight followers believe it soon would rival Coca-Cola. Distributors lined up but no golden flood of profits immediately resulted. It lately has been indicated the Punch is catching on in South America and Mexico.

Back in 1940 Joe had gone into a partnership with Roxborough to buy up an insurance company. There were debts and

the assets were small. Ten years later the Superior Life Insurance Society, its trade name, has assets in excess of $100,000 and shows a steady growth. But insurance firms must have fat reserves to pay out against quick claims. Being a conservative type of business, years pass before important dividends are forthcoming.

Joe is known to have two Chicago apartment houses, which, with existing ceilings on rent, return modest rentals. But with maintenance and taxes, the profit is not capable of straining any mathematical talent to estimate the proceeds.

Other real estate ventures have been mentioned in Chicago and California. But these deals can't be swung without considerable cash being tied up as long term investments. Joe and Sugar Ray Robinson, welterweight title holder, organized World Champions Inc., to distribute beer in New York. This plan was flattened when the State Liquor Authority denied their application on the grounds that the Canadian Ace Brewing Company, with whom they would do business, was controlled by a former associate of Al Capone.

Joe was supposed to owe only on his 1948 corporate taxes. But then appeared what Riley of the radio would call, "a revolting development." His income tax returns from 1946 on, had figured the 25 per cent, (the quarter share payable to Marva as co-manager) as a deductible expense. The Internal Revenue boys now informed Joe that this item could not be allowed as deductible. The arrangement was ruled to be a divorce settlement and the government would look to Joe for payment of taxes on that portion of his earnings. Since there had been nothing set aside as a reserve to liquidate the tax on this money, if the government ruled adversely, Joe was faced with a demand for at least $200,000, and "right now." Obviously, he didn't have it. There were two alternatives. Either he could liquidate what properties he owned and be broke or he could take a chance on a heavyweight fight with Ezzard Charles. He resigned as an IBC executive. (He's back now, with an asserted $15,000 a year income and a percentage of the profits). So, at 36, retired, undefeated champion, his legendary skill behind him, he began the ordeal of making ready for Charles.

The resulting defeat appears to have been scarely worth the risk. The contest brought Joe a purse totaling some $100,000. Arrayed for payment were, in order, tax collectors, managers, overhead creditors and more taxes. There had been much talk of a deal whereby this purse would be applied to back taxes and that Joe would thus benefit by some "forgiveness" arrangement cancelling the assessment.

In the first place the amount fell far short of the necessary total. Secondly, the government has seldom been known to make such deals. The attitude is, that since it's the law and applies to everyone and the money has been spent, the tax remains payable just as it would for anyone else. Not only that, but since the $100,000 is new income, a tax would be required on that sum also. The prospect was maddening.

Much more tragic is the fact Joe now is the *ex-champ*. True, the public still recalls his exemplary conduct, the epic devastation of his fists, his untarnished reputation and prestige and he remains famous, forever endear-

Louis as a golfer.

means of freeing him from his ordeal to the sporting world. But these are intangibles, worth little as sources of revenue without the title. Defeated, his importance was certain to shrink in the public eye.

His tax dilemma continues to haunt him. In November last year he again risked his prestige to account for a mere $14,750, battling to a ten round decision against a young Argentine heavyweight, Cesar Brion. Five years before Brion never would have come out for the third round but an aging Louis had to stalk the Argentine the limit to win. The income provided Joe with minor tax relief but also added future grief unless his managers can devise means of freeing him from his ordeal.

Inevitably talk will get around to the case of Gene Tunney, retired, undefeated and well fixed financially. Gene profited by doing his big-time fighting in an era when smaller taxes gave him 30 to 40 per cent more per dollar than in Joe's case. Gene earned a million-and-a-half dollars in a relatively short period when taxes were lower than today. Gene also had the foresight to attend to many of his managerial problems himself thereby eliminating a large item of overhead. When it all was in a tidy package Tunney had what he wanted and quit.

Jack Dempsey also operated during a favorable tax period in the 20s. His bouts, refereeing, movie rights grossed a fortune. Jack was free with his money but when the time came for him to hang up his gloves for good he had investments going for him, the principle one being his personality and he faced no crushing tax burdens.

Where does all this leave Joe? The Man with the Whiskers says that even if your assets are less than your liabilities, those tax dollars have to be paid. Auditors who face these headaches, say the only safe manner of handling a questionable deduction is to put a sum equal to the amount claimed in reserve and not spend it.

The government assumes that certain celebrities are put to expenses which do not form part of the living schemes of lesser persons and many of these items are deductible. A champion fighter is weighted with obligations. But often an inconsistency will crop up on what the government will permit deducted, hence, the need for a reserve fund.

A question arises about the fact that a fighter has his big

income bunched when he's young and that because his earning capacity is thus limited, why shouldn't his taxes be spread over a longer period. It is true that the government has been known to recognize that an author, for example, who has sweated out writing a book, say for three years, and has not earned a kopeck during that interval, then suddenly sells it to a movie for a fat price and is well paid through public sales should have his taxes spread over the three year period. The assumption is that the creation of the book was the author's sole effort at making a living during that time.

The Louis case can be compared with a store which has enjoyed big sales and a large turnover of stock for years then, because of economic changes, suddenly declines. Despite a lessening of business there is no appeal from the tax requirements of the fat years. Lawyers, doctors, stockbrokers, too, have faced diminishing returns after intervals of successful years. Where to draw the line in the Louis case and be fair to others would be hard to say.

If his tax riddles do nothing else for Joe they may have the effect of forcing him, as the dethroned king, to a more stable regimen, differing drastically from a champion's six-figured affluence. There is every hope and possibility that his managers may dispose of his tax-ridden present, get rid of the frantic scurry for quick cash, and thus allow Joe the gracious living due a former champ.

One thing Joe will have to realize. It takes around $200,000 gross income to net a tax free 50 Gees a year.

Louis wins from Beshore in comeback attempt to regain his title.

Impotence is in the Mind

A Noted Medical Author Tells What Leading Psychiatrists Say About a Great Tabu.

By RALPH CONISTON

EXCEPT for an occasional jibe, always carefully labeled by tone, "This is only kidding you know, Old Man;" impotance is the great tabu of our day. Even husbands and wives whose marriages are threatened because of it seldom mention it.

Few troubles of equal importance are so widespread. The great majority of men suffer from it at one time or another in at least minor degree and many of these go through agonies of doubt and fear as a result. Consequently no subject is more worth discussion. Frank words, a little clarification, may banish a dark cloud hanging over millions of lives.

The truth is this: Save for exceptions, impotence is in the mind. The exceptions, organic impotence caused by glandular failure or brain or spinal cord injuries are in the minority.

The ways in which impotence is implanted in the mind can be as varied as experience. In an old joke a rich snob, after being told that a certain pleasure was universal, enjoyed by the common people as well as the elite, remarked, "And much too good for them, too, I dare say." There is a basis of fact in that quip.

Two years ago Earl G. and his wife, Alice, were having serious trouble. Everything had gone wrong with their marriage. Earl had suddenly become impotent; he and his wife fought constantly; he had been out of a job for months. To Earl it seemed that nothing else could happen to him; his life was ruined.

Then, just as suddenly, everything changed. He got a new

job. He recovered his sexual powers. And the causes of the quarrels betwen him and Alice automatically disappeared.

Earl had rejected sex himself. Subconsciously he felt that it was "much too good" for him, too good for any man who couldn't make a living. His differences with Alice were caused partially by his unemployment but mainly by his impotence. She felt it was a criticism of her: she didn't attract him any more; he was rejecting her.

That impotence should be in the mind may seem strange at first. Yet the whole field of psychosomatic medicine, which has attracted public attention recently, confirms not only this but far more startling things. A mental state can give men backaches, sore throats, organic heart trouble. Many medical authorities now believe that ulcers are almost completely psychosomatic and an ulcer is a definite sore, a wound.

When you consider the mechanism of the male, psychic impotence becomes more easily understandable. Certain muscles are controlled by the flow of blood, unlike those of the arms or legs. It is involuntary, the activation being in the sub-conscious mind and there can be many reasons why the necessary orders are not sent out and the necessary increased circulation stimulated.

In the case of Earl G. it was the feeling that sex was too good for him. A similar case with a reverse twist was that of Leonard W. This man lost his ability to perform the sex act. For him, however, there could be no solution of getting a job. He didn't need one, being a highly successful lawyer. Instead, both he and his wife were obliged to spend months under the care of psychoanalysts. The facts were these. Mrs. W. complained bitterly that her husband was inconsiderate. This almost wrecked their marriage. He was sure that she was wrong. Actually, Mrs. W. had a temporary physical ailment, but she never explained this to her husband, in fact never completely realized it herself. As a result, Leonard decided that his wife was selfish and a liar too boot. Deep within him he began to feel that sex was too good for her and by golly he wasn't going to provide it for her. Only long and careful psychoanalytic treatment saved the marriage.

The interplay, the connection between impotence in men and frigidity in women is tragic. Ward S. married a girl who was relatively frigid, which is to say that she rarely got real pleasure from sex. After a few months of marriage she began to avoid relations with Ward, pleading headaches and making other excuses. When she did give in, her role might have been called dignified acquiescence instead of enthusiastic cooperation. Even the most unobservant husband, and Ward wasn't that, could have seen that she was only doing a favor.

Gradually, insidiously, and completely unconsciously Ward began to feel, "What is the matter with me that I can't arouse this woman, that she doesn't accept me, that I can't give her pleasure? Something must be wrong with me." And soon it was no longer necessary for his wife to make excuses. If she had called on him, *he* would have had to make the excuses.

The common view would be, of course, that it was the woman's fault. But fault or blame do not apply. Impotence and frigidity are facts, not willful deeds. Usually they have deep-

rooted causes in the sub-conscious mind. Fortunately both conditions generally can be cured or at least greatly helped by psychiatric or psychoanalytic treatment, and sometimes simpler measures will serve.

An understanding family physician unraveled the tangled case of Ted L. Ted's apparent loss of manhood was due to exaggerated pride in manhood itself. About two months after his marriage, Ted, who had boasted of his virility during his youthful experiences, became completely impotent. On his wedding night Ted, despite every effort, had been a disappointment, to put it mildly, to himself and to his bride. More properly we might say that the bride was unable to be of assistance being frightened and tense. Following this unfortunate but not unusual beginning, both parties became more and more panicky with the result that normal cohabitation never came for them. Eventually Ted, worried and desperate over the need of proving that he was a man, became unable even to attempt it. And the bride, who actually had healthy appetities, was on the verge of becoming frigid.

Such cases are common. Sometimes they follow a slightly different history, as when the groom, because of his anxiety to please and his naturally heightened nuptial passion, is premature. Some psychoanalysts say that impotence from this cause may be more acute in marriage than in extra-marital relations. The reason: A man's love for his bride makes him all the more anxious to please and all the more concerned if there is failure.

Impotence also can result from over-stressing the moral teachings of childhood. Some parents carry their preachings to the length of making sexual activities seem evil and disgusting, not even differentiating between true marital love and promiscuity. These well-intended but ill-advised sermons may bring about impotence in men and frigidity in women. The impotence produced this way may be complete or relative. Relative impotence from this cause involves what Dr. Milton Clark James calls, "the factor of permission." With some girls the man is capable, with others impotent. The difference is created by the girl's attitude. If she is interested and willing, the man is able. Her enthusiasm takes the burden of guilt off him. But with a reluctant girl he must shoulder this guilt himself.

Fortunately, both impotence and frigidity can be overcome, although sometimes psychoanalytic therapy is needed.

One midwestern man went to a psychoanalyst with his troubles. He was unable to carry on sex relations with his wife. He loved her and his feeling was returned. She was as desirable to him as when they first met. Usually when the time for intimacy came, he would become excited and expect success. But suddenly his capabilities would disappear.

The cause is a common one. The midwesterner had formed an abnormally strong attachment for his mother during childhood, sub-consciously linking it with his masculine impulses. This feeling, the classic "Oedipus complex," led him unknowingly to select a wife with many of the same characteristics his mother had. In direct consequence he felt guilty when he indulged in what should have been the normal and praiseworthy relationship of marriage. To his unconscious mind it was incest.

Guilt which produces impotence may arise from other causes as when men "step out" on their wives. Upon returning to the marital bed, they may feel unworthy and consequently fail in their duties. Ironically, however, their impotence may apply only to their wives. It is one of the saddest facts in human behavior that the innocent marital partner may receive the punishment as a result of the sub-conscious guilt of the other.

But occasionally this same guilt works its revenge on the "other woman," with the erring husband physically incapable of infidelity. But, alas! Too seldom is this so. Usually novelty plus the fact that the girl has been selected for the adventure because of superior appearance and other attractions, are strong enough to produce a powerful excitation, pushing conscience and guilt to the background until later, if at all.

Even if the husband has no pronounced feeling of guilt, he may worry that he will transmit a venereal disease to his wife. Few men are callous enough to ignore this. Even those few are usually afraid of the logical conclusions that their wives will draw if it happens. Consequently some men, after straying from the marital fold, pretend for a number of days that they are too tired from business to be interested in sex. But with some the pretence is not needed; their fear itself makes them impotent.

Undoubtedly it would have been better if their fear had made them impotent when they stepped out. Sometimes it does. Many a man has been turned impotent by fear of disease.

Fear is the big word in impotence. Fear of disease. Fear of pregnancy. Fear of failure Fear of hell. Fear of impotence itself. Even general worry about matters not even remotely connected with sex can result in temporary impotence.

Psychiatrists consider that impotence takes several forms. But when most of us think of impotence, the word means just one thing. It is not the same as sterility, incapability to beget children.

Let a man fail under circumstances where he would expect to be successful and he is apt to think, "There must be something wrong with me." Thoughts of operations, monkey glands, hormone injections flit across his worried mind. Fear is his.

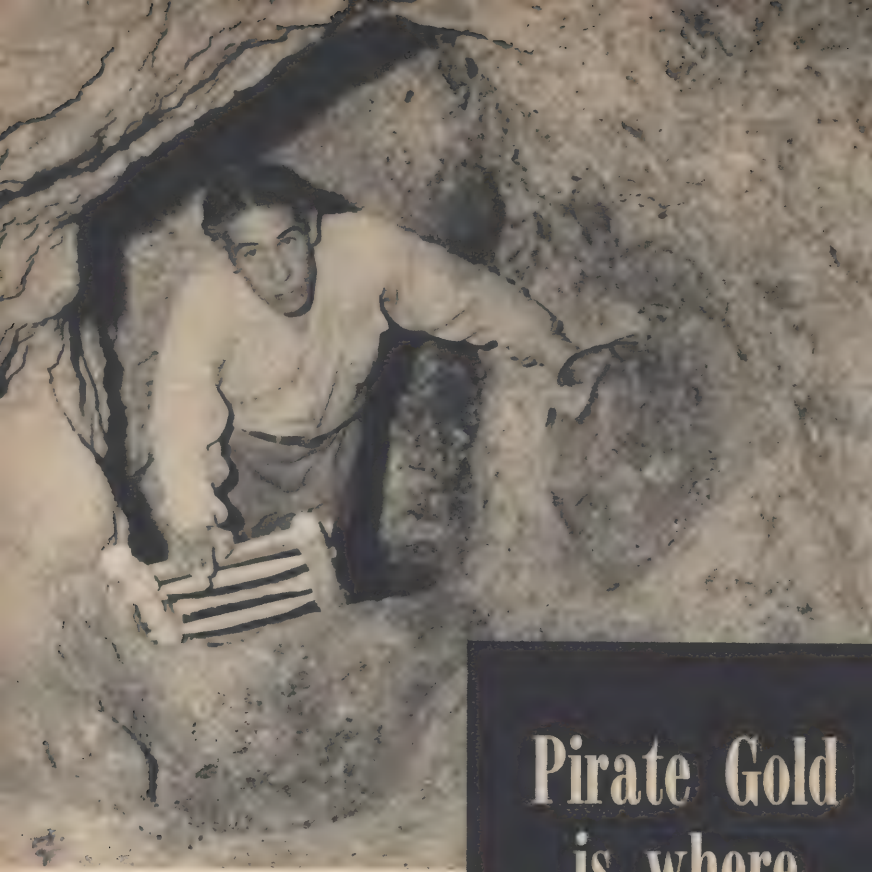
And it is this fear which must be banished by one means or another. Otherwise the consequences may be tragic.

"The most important thing in impotence," declares Dr. Edmund Ziman, "is that the victim be accorded understanding by those around him. If his wife laughs, if she is angry and blames him, if she is scornful, the chances for recovery are slight. But with love and affection the situation can be worked out."

If the victim himself understands that what has happened is not necessarily serious, that desire as well as impotence can be relative, even that desire inevitably becomes somewhat less poignant after some years of marriage and there is reason for optimism.

The important factors are: Don't worry! Let desire follow its own course! Don't attempt to prove, despite all, that you are capable! And, most important, relax, relax in any way that relaxation easily comes!

Under these conditions desire almost inevitably returns. And when desire is in the mind, there is little room for impotence.



Lockhard in opening of excavation.

Pirate Gold is where you find it

By EDWIN V. BURKHOLDER

FOR centuries the hope of finding hidden treasure has lured men to far-away places. Occassionally success has rewarded them. More often disappointment and despair, even death, have resulted from such expeditions.

This is the story of one man's dream of riches which has led him to an adventure, even now in progress, in the hinterland of mysterious Haiti where, legend says, there is a fabulous hoard of pirate gold buried deep in a limestone hillside and guarded by the wraith of a beautiful young woman who kills those attempting recovery of the treasure hidden three centuries ago by her masters.

Albert Lockhard's optimism and courage are exceeded only by his determination to press to the bitter end his belief he is on the trail of one of the world's

A legend of buried treasure, the wrait of a freeboter's mistress and voodoo superstitions lure an American adventurer to seek a vast fortune in Haiti.

richest prizes of pirate loot. Today, he and a few natives are boring, like ants, into a hill near the village of Milleur, Haiti. This tiny settlement has only a church and a few filthy shacks to qualify it as such, but it may be at the scene of a long-lost treasure trove so fabulous that no one has dared estimate its value in dollars.

To add authenticity to the fable, and woe to Lockhard's multiplying troubles as his "hole in the ground" goes deeper, the Haitian government, taking cognizance of the possibilities, has stationed a military guard nearby to watch and report whatever success the American may have.

Lockhard has been digging for two years, the shaft now having reached a depth of about 65 feet. It has been slow, tedious work without the advantage of modern engineering equipment. The natives work with hand picks, grubbing away at the rock which is brought to the surface in baskets. The goal is a legandary chamber once carved out of the limestone by slaves, who, the legend relates, when the loot from countless merchant vessels was deposited in it and the secret passage filled again, were slain. The natives believe one of them, surviving the slaughter in some unaccountable manner, became a zombie and ever since has been the executioner of all those courageous enough to search for the

Directing work in lower chamber.

Lockhard and Mme. Octave Midi.

treasure, obeying the orders of the ghost-woman who guards the cache.

Lockhard is medium built, with a drooping face and eyes. He becomes excited when he talks about the treasure, which is easy to understand. Sitting on top of what may be unestimated millions of dollars in doubloons, Louis d'or and jewels would make most people hysterical. Then there is the never-ending beating of the tom-tom drums in the hills sending out a warning day and night to Lockhard that he is flirting with death on that hill.

Madame Octave Midi, with a shrunken body and face that have lived well over a hundred years, doesn't help the general atmosphere of peace and security. The old woman, called Grand Bo (grandmother) by the natives, sits in front of her shack, her squinting eyes hidden by ageless rolls of skin, watching Lockhard and his native helpers. From time to time her eyes turn toward the hills where the tom-toms are beating their threnody of death.

The natives say she is watching for someone and they speak of it, if at all, in whispers. All this is tied up with voodoo, a very pretty ghost, and a legend. The basis for believing treasure may be found in that hill is vague, as is true of all pirate loot. Only in this case there isn't even a map to guide the diggers.

Back in the days when Louis XIV sat on the throne of France and Haiti was a French colony, Count Cherident and Count Meilleur, relatives of the king, were banished from France. They came to Haiti, started a great plantation and raised coffee, sugar, and indigo. There was money in this, plenty of it, but these two noblemen wanted more gold and after the fashion of the day they became filibusterers, their pirate ships swarming with bloodthirsty buccaneers playing havoc along the sea lanes, sinking merchant ships and looting them of their gold.

What happened to this hoard, which must have been great, has been one of the intriguing mysteries of Haiti for centuries.

Buried treasure probably was the last thing Albert Lockhard was thinking of when, after World War II, he returned to Haiti with his wife and four children to take a post in the U.S. State Department. He was born in Haiti and had spent many years of his life there. Tales of pirate treasure were an old story.

Neither was he interested in voodoo. He had studied engineering in France and possessed unusual ability along that line. Dur-

ing World War II he had been commissioned to supervise several difficult projects in Alaska for the United States government. His one hobby was archaeology and with his family settled and his work well organized he began studying the few ancient ruins to be found in different parts of Haiti.

It was on one of these trips that he landed in the village of Meilleur, once the seat of the famous plantation of Counts Cherident and Meilleur. To get there Lockhard had to traverse forty miles of mountain trail and ford thirty streams. For some time he had heard reports of the ruins of what looked like ancient foundations on a hill north of the village.

He found the ruins without much trouble but before he did he ran into a blood-tingling adventure that was to change his way of life. The farm, called Kavanach, where the remains of the ancient buildings are located is owned by the aged Madame Midi.

It was late in the evening when Lockhard reached the farm. The old lady was sitting in front of her shack, staring toward the hill beyond. And out of those hills came the monotonous beat of the tom-toms.

When Lockhard introduced himself and asked for permission to study the ruins, the old crone continued to stare into the darkness, her body swaying with the rhythmic beat of the drums. Slowly her long and bony arm went up, pointing toward the hills.

"She!" was the only word she spoke.

Lockhard wasn't interested in who this "She" might be but he knew the natives well enough to understand that when they were under the spell of voodoo it was useless to talk to them. So he started back to the village where he hoped to find a bed for the night. As he walked away from Madame Midi's shack, slightly amused at her antics, the drums seemed to come closer and closer.

During his childhood and early years in Haiti Lockhard had heard strange and weird stories about voodoo which he didn't believe any more than did most residents of Port-au-Prince. The night was balmy and he wasn't sleepy, so, with a sort of amused curiosity he started to walk in the direction of the drums.

He soon found their sound was deceptive. When he thought he was near them, they seemed to fade away. He continued walking, keeping to mountain trails. He must have walked an hour before he saw light coming through the trees. Leaving the trail, he moved slowly through the underbrush.

The light grew stronger and suddenly there came wild, savage yells and the drums seemed to be beating against his ears. He was in a clearing. Here he stopped, fascinated at the sight of savage brutality. Human bodies were twisting and squirming on the ground and over them stood huge natives with long, lash-like whips, which they snapped down on the naked bodies.

In a large circle, their faces silhouetted in the fire-light, were two score blacks. They were chanting mournful lamentations in a language Lockhard didn't understand. Voodoo doctors were running around like wild men.

At the far side of the circle, seated on a platform, was a white girl, with long golden hair and flowing robes. She swayed back and forth with the chanting of the throng of frenzied natives.

Fascinated at the weird sight, Lockhard stared at the cringing creatures on the ground, at the witch doctors, and at the assembled blacks. Then his eyes turned toward the girl. The chair was vacant. She had disappeared like a ghostly apparition. The chant of the crowd changed to low moaning.

Lockhard's curiosity got the better of him. He stepped out into the open. They saw him. There was a savage yell of rage as naked men came lunging for him. In that split second he knew he was closer to death than he ever had been before. His knowledge of voodoo was enough for him to understand what happened to strangers who wandered in on these mysterious rites.

With a headlong dive he landed in the dense underbrush. He didn't move and that probably saved his life. The naked men coming after him went on into the brush, beating it and calling out to each other. Lockhard remained prone on the ground for a good half hour. The searchers were far away before he crawled into the darkness.

It was nearing midnight when he finally got to the village, his clothes torn by the brush, his face bleeding from the sharp thorns of the bushes, firmly resolved that never again would he be curious about voodoo rites.

He managed to find a bed of straw on a shack floor but he couldn't sleep. The face of the white girl haunted him and the mystery of her disappearance puzzled him. When he awoke he ade casual inquiries about a white girl in the hills. The natives told him nothing.

Madame Midi still was sitting in the chair in front of her shack when he returned to the farm. A little money soon won her permission to examine the colonial foundations on the hill to the north. Lockhard spent a day studying them and came to the conclusion they had been built about three hundred years before and had been the base of a small building on top of the hill. The only thing unusual he found was a series of three large flint rocks protruding from the earth inside the foundation.

The flint was something of a mystery as there was no record any such rock ever had been found in the solid limestone of that part of the island. While it was puzzling, Lockhard didn't attach any special significance to its present at the moment. He returned to Port-au-Prince with considerably more interest in archaeology than in voodoo and pirate treasure.

But he couldn't get the face of the white girl at the voodoo rites out of his mind. He made more inquiries about such a girl in the hills. At first the stories he heard from friends who knew the lore of the island were vague. It wasn't until he began to delve into the history of the Counts Cheridents and Meilleur that he learned of Pauline Conrad, who was a very important part of their legend.

Pauline was an eighteen-year-old English girl with golden hair and blue eyes. She had married the young captain of the *Frank Morgan,* a merchant ship sailing out of Bristol. Pauline was the sole survivor of the voyage when pirates sank her in the Caribbean. The pretty English girl was saved from immediate death because of her beauty and charm which would add grace to the chateau at Meilleur, where the banished French noblemen entertained with royal splendor.

According to the legend Count Meilleur had other uses for her

but Pauline was strong on virtue so buried a dagger in the Count's heart and then thrust it into her own bare breast. Thereupon she fled from the chateau, blood spurting from her wounds. Her body never was found. In a little while the natives whispered about the ghost of a fair woman with golden hair and flowing white robes floating around the mountains.

Some time elapsed before this ghostly reincarnation of the pretty Pauline got mixed up with the superstitions of the island but when the voodoo doctors realized its value she promptly was heralded as the Queen of Voodoo. The legend had her also being the guardian of the buried treasure of Meilleur and Cherident and the story spread that her ghost would lead the unwary to a hill where the gold was buried. Then, in a few days, the treasure seekers would be found dead.

In the past half-century the tale of Pauline's ghost, as well as interest in the pirate loot, died down. Pauline was forgotten by most of the people except students of voodoo and natives in the hinterland around Meilleur.

Lockhard was hard hit with the treasure hunting bug, but he went about it carefully, learning what he could of the Chateau Meilleur and its

Representative of Haitian government (in uniform) watches progress of the search

royal occupants. It was a fascinating historical story. After the dramatic demise of Meilleur, Count Cherident died in bed. The chateau and plantation were neglected, as the two had no kin to inherit. They never revealed the secret hiding place of their gold and its whereabouts has remained a mystery to this day.

Lockhard began to think about that old foundation on the hill on Madame Midi's farm. He went back to Meilleur, located the site of the chateau from his knowledge of archaeology. It was some distance from the hill. The foundation convinced Lockhard a small structure had stood there. Trying to answer the question of what it could have been there, he remembered the flint embedded in the limestone.

He went to the hill again and did some digging. He found flint going straight down from the foundation and it was then it occurred to him that perhaps these rocks were a guide to something. *That something could be the treasure.*

Using a mine detector, he soon found that under the hill there was some form of metal and in the mood brought on by the bug of treasure hunting, he was positive this metal was gold.

So he gave up his job, took his life's savings, moved with his family to Meilleur. At first he encountered difficulties with Madame Midi, who was sure the ghost of Pauline would come bothering around if anyone started digging for gold. A settlement in cash, however, caused the old woman to agree to permit Lockhard to begin work.

Trouble started at once. The natives he employed claimed they saw a woman floating around in the air and promptly quit. Lockhard had to send to another part of the island to get workers not steeped too deeply in the voodoo hokum about ghosts. Then the drums started to beat in the hills and strange forebodings troubled Mrs. Lockhard. Within a week she had her fill of voodoo and buried treasure so she packed up and took the children back to New York.

Two years of living under the incessant beating of the tom-toms and the spell of voodoo have left their mark on Lockhard. He is nervous and jumpy. He looks with suspicious eyes on strangers. He isn't worried about the ghost of Pauline, which appears at intervals to try to frighten his men away. The explanation of that is simple. The voodoo doctors would have little trouble finding some white girl who needs money, and there are plenty in Haiti, to act the part. The drums are nerve-wrecking. But that isn't what makes Lockhard jumpy.

As he went deeper and deeper into the hill, strangers began to appear in the village of Meilleur. They were hard-eyed individuals who represented a more definite threat to Lockhard than the voodoo doctors and their phony ghost. So he has arranged, by the mere expedient of knocking out several large beams holding up the rock, for the whole hill above the excavation to crash down on anyone trying to loot the gold.

Today, he and his men still are digging like ants, hoping to hit the treasure within weeks or months. And as they work, Madame Midi sits in front of her shack, staring up at the hills where the tom-toms never stop beating, as if expecting at any minute to see the ghost of Pauline floating down to exact vengeance.

One Way Trip

LIEUTENANT Lee Estes, of the Kentucky State Police, specializes in amusing and instructing children in personal safety by avoiding injury along the highways. His work has been outstanding and he never misses an opportunity to probe into the mind of the adolescent.

One day Estes was assigned to assist a revenue agent, from Washington, in locating a big still known to be operating in the Cumberland mountains. The moonshiners were reputed to be exceedingly dangerous and determined to prevent the government from interfering with their illicit traffic at any cost. They had shot and wounded a couple of "revenooers" sent out to apprehend them and had put out warnings that the next time they would shoot to kill.

Lieutenant Estes knew the territory well so he and Agent Agnew Fewster started out on the dangerous task. Dressed as mountaineers they climbed mountain trails, searched hidden valleys, talked with hill-billies and questioned citizens in settlements but the elusive distilling plant continued to be a mirage.

Starting out one bright morning refreshed from a good sleep and steaming breakfast in the cabin of a friendly mountaineer, they encountered a small boy trudging along the dusty road. Over his shoulder he carried a home-made fishpole. The lad seemed friendly and walked along with them.

"Where ya goin', Sonny?" the revenue agent asked.

"Fishin'," said the youngster.

"Up in the hills yonder?" Fewster inquired, pointing to a low ridge a mile or so to the west.

"Yep," the lad replied.

There was a short silence as they walked on, then Fewster inquired, attempting to be casual: "Know of any moonshine fer sale around these parts, Sonny? We're kind of dry."

The boy shook his head. "Nope, guess thar ain't any."

The revenooer pressed the point a bit further, withdrawing a ten dollar bill from his pocket. "I'd like a drink right well and I'd be willin' to pay ten dollars for some good moon-shine."

The boy looked at the bill enviously, glanced away, then likely thinking of the store fishpole he could buy with it, weakened, and in a moment agreed to direct them to a still about which he suddenly remembered. Before he gave the information, though, he held out his hand: "Gimmie the money first."

Agent Fewster paid. The lad turned and pointed to a line of hills in the opposite direction from which they were walking.

"Jest go over thet there ridge and you'll find it, alright," he told them.

Intrigued with the youngster's behavior and his desire to get hold of the money, Lieutenant Estes said: "Why was it, Sonny, you wouldn't trust us to pay when we come back?

"Because," he drawled, "you-all ain't never a-comin' back."

Peavey-stock in hand, McLean laid out a half-dozen bunkhouse trouble makers.

Old Loggers Never Die

White-water McLean is a legend that lives, known yet unknown, a venerable nestor of the timber.

By STEWART HOLBROOK

ONE of the great legends of the logging woods of half a continent is now living quietly in the far northwest corner of Oregon. He is White-Water McLean, known to graying veterans of the timber from the Lake States to the West Coast, in Canada and the United States. Thousands of lumberjacks know his name who have never seen him. Thousands more do not even know that he lives. It is the penalty one pays for becoming a legend early in life.

McLean hasn't a gray hair in his sandy thatch. He stands an even six feet, all of it straight as a pine. He weighs 205 pounds,

White-water McLean.

none of it fat. He retired last year after almost sixty years in the tall timber. It was his legs that retired him; they had begun to remind him, too often, of the cold waters whence comes his nickname — the white rolling streams of the Oconto, the Pike, the Pine, the Menominee and other rivers that were once highways for logs.

He was born Claude C. McLean near the rambunctious old logging town of Oconto, Wisconsin. His parents had come there from the famous Mirimachi river, the most noted of New Brunswick's log-driving streams. They were poor people, and feeding and clothing fourteen younger McLeans was no way to wealth. So, when he was almost fourteen years old, young Claude went to work in the woods of northern Michigan. His first job was lonely enough, that of riding a sprinkling sled from midnight to dawn, playing water upon the roads to freeze instantly and make fine sledding for the great loads of white pine hauled by horses. Throughout the long northern night, when trees snapped and boomed from frost, young Mac filled, rode, and emptied the tank. A big, cold Wisconsin moon lighted the way. Melancholy owls kept him company. It wasn't a very exciting job. What Mac wanted to do was to handle a peavey, a cantdog.

He soon got his chance as a cantdog man on the rollways along the frozen Pine river, where the teams were unloaded and the logs rolled onto skids to await spring and high water. This dangerous work called for a sure foot and eye, and speed of movement. Rollways were notorious for crushing legs, and often the whole man. But men in those days were cheap, and if a man didn't like the job, then he damned well could quit and go to town — if he wanted to starve. Young McLean was sure and quick. He survived.

He also voted, when he was seven years under age, in a county election that was as drunken as it was fantastic. McLean doesn't recall, if ever he knew, just why the election of a sheriff in a county with no population other than lumberjacks, was important. But the logging company patently considered it important. They shut down seven big camps, herded all employes together at headquarters camp, then broke out several barrels of free whiskey. This was done by knocking in the head of each barrel, and passing out a gross of tin dippers. Nature, you might say, did the rest. McLean was the youngest of some 500 "voters," who included many unnaturalized lumberjacks of Canadian or European birth. It seems probable that whoever was the company's candidate for the office was elected by a sound majority.

Those were rough times in rough country. Civilization was close to the lumberjack's heels

but it hadn't quite caught up with him.

A year later, when he was a full-grown fifteen, Mac was a cantdog man working under the notoriously cruel Fighting-Charlie Hamilton. Hamilton was a moose of a man who sought to rule his crew by fear rather than leadership. When in a surly mood, which was often, he liked to enter the main bunkhouse of an evening by kicking open the door and riding in on a curse that shook the dim lanterns hanging from the rafters. Then he would stalk down the center of the sixty-foot room, at every step letting go a curse on the head of every man in camp, collectively and individually.

"He began," McLean recalls, "by calling down the wrath of God on every swamper, chopper, sawyer, loader, teamster, cantdog man, road monkey, cook, cookee, and bullcook who worked for the company. He mixed profanity with obscenity and occasionally worked himself into such a fury that he couldn't speak at all. Not before or since have I heard the like. It was a lesson to me, too. I resolved that if I ever became a woods boss, I would try to run my camp with a minimum of profanity."

McLean came in time to run a camp, and later to run big outfits with many camps. But first he learned the business from stump to logpond.

The last years of the old century and the first of the new were the heyday of logging in Wisconsin and Minnesota. Lumberjacks were considered only half-human; they were wild men, restless, dissolute, big-hearted primitives. They attacked the last great stands of white pine with joyful ferocity. They piled the logs into the rivers, then chased them like hell-hounds down to the whining mills. And when the drive was in, they turned the river towns into bedlams of noise and riot. Oconto, Marinette, Menominee, Eau Claire, Chippewa Falls, Rhinelander, Stillwater, Cloquet — one and all they supplied the boys with the Lumberjacks' Trinity, which was Booze, Bawds, and Battle.

The loggers drank copiously, kicked out windows, fought either the police or each other enthusiastically, paid their fines, and went back up-river for another six months of isolation and hard, dangerous labor. Little wonder they howled in the spring, as they rode logs and white-water down to where the lights were bright and red.

Young McLean was there. He ranged free-wheeling all over the Lakes States timber, meanwhile making a name for himself as a cat on the logs. A cat on the logs was a top river-driver. There was never an oversupply of them. Their occupation took care of that. When they rode the heaving logs down the white-water stretches, Death rode very close to them, always. A slip, and it was all over. The rivers took a far greater toll than the woods.

McLean, when cornered, will tell you that the worst piece of white-water he ever saw was on the Pine river, a tributary to the wide Menominee. He and four other drivers were sent to break a jam of logs below Dam 3 on this stream. "There was a long straight stretch of water where we started," he recalls. "This was easy. But we could see, perhaps half a mile ahead, where the ends of the moving logs suddenly flew up, out of the water. This told us we were coming to rapids or worse. It was worse. Those logs we had broken loose

and saw flying up were going over a real falls. A drop of ten feet anyway.

"There was nothing to do but to quit right there or try to ride out the falls. In those days men didn't quit. So, all five of us got a log each and over and down we went, then into one hell of a canyon. Water and logs were heaving so that we lost sight of each other. None of us knew how the others were doing until we got a good half-mile further down-stream into fairly quiet water. Not one of us was hurt."

River-drivers slept in wet clothes, under wet blankets, on the wet ground, under dripping tents. They rode logs and waded water fourteen, sixteen hours a day. They stopped briefly to eat four times daily, often standing in the water for the meal. It was work that aged men.

After surviving thirteen winters in the woods and thirteen springs on and in white--water, McLean became a logging boss in 1906. The camp was at Bruce Crossing, on Michigan's Upper Peninsula. He ran the show without trouble, then bossed the spring drive. McLean also had been reading the papers; had learned, to his surprise, that Michigan had become a back number as a logging state. Wisconsin and Minnesota still were going fairly strong but the Far West, especially the state of Washington, was booming beyond belief. McLean heard tales of huge timber out there, of logging being done not with horses but with donkey engines and locomotives. In the spring of 1906, after the drive was in, McLean put his fine calked boots and a couple bottles of whiskey into an extension suitcase and bought a ticket for Puget Sound. Five days later he was loading the biggest logs he ever dreamed of out of a lake in Snohomish County, Washington.

Logging with power-machinery was new to McLean. He had to learn about steam locomotives and donkey engines; about blocks and tackle. He learned quickly. Six years after he arrived on the West Coast he was a full-fledged logging boss, an occupation he followed for nigh forty years. He also invented the classic piece of machinery that bears his name and has made it known all over the West. This was and is the McLean Boom.

The MeLean Boom, an arm that swings from a spartree, was one of the great revolutionary ideas in the technology of logging. It was used, during its early years, for loading logs onto railroad flatcars; and of later years onto gasoline or diesel trucks. It speeded the loading process. It made loading safer for the men engaged in it. McLean received a patent in 1917; and, in the best tradition of inventors, has received almost nothing in the way of monetary reward. Yet it has served to put his name into the generic language of the industry, much as was the case with Joseph Peavey, who invented the improved cantdog known as a peavey.

Thirty years ago when I went to work in the West Coast timber, White-Water McLean was probably the best-known logging boss in the whole region. He already had achieved a notable record getting out big stuff in British Columbia and along the Wind River in Washington. I caught up with Mac when he was running the four big camps, and railroad, of the Sunset Timber Company in the Willapa Harbor region. Five hundred lumberjacks called him Mac. Many of them didn't even know

the name of the company; they worked for McLean and that was enough.

This happy condition was due chiefly to the fact that McLean not only was a born leader but also could handle any job known in the West Coast woods, even that of high-rigging. I have seen him walk, spurs on his legs, 180 feet straight up a gigantic Douglas fir, saw off 60 feet of its top, then brace the tree with cables, hang blocks and tackle, and make it into a spartree for yarding logs from the woods to the railhead.

Another thing that contributed to McLean's success in the West: He treated his men like human beings. ("McLean has a heart," his men told me.) His bunkhouses were much better than average. He installed a reading room in each camp and stocked them with newspapers and magazines. He put in the best of shower baths. His camps also had something I never had seen in a camp — flush closets. The McLean cookhouses — dining room to you — were something to remember. Mac engaged cooks who had imagination; supplied them with everything they requested.

In time, many another West Coast camp came to have some if not all of these improvements, but McLean was well to the fore in pioneering them. What made him so avid for good working and living conditions were his bitter memories of the brutal lives imposed on Lake States lumberjacks when he was one of them. He never forgot the dreadful food, the lice and filth of the camps, the disregard for life and limb. McLean did more than his share to give loggers a chance to live like human beings.

McLean mellowed with the years. He seldom raised his voice, no matter what untoward indicent bedevilled his bossing the woods. Yet, no logger and no company official told Mac how to do his logging. That is, not more than once.

Stories about White-Water McLean are without end. In Oconto, Wisconsin, oldtimers recall McLean as the rugged young lumberjack who, when he failed to collect $6 owed him by Long Jack Nelligan, chased that noted camp-bully into and out of four saloons, then through a Chinese laundry. A retired woodsmen of Bruce Crossing, Michigan, told me he had seen McLean quell a drunken row in a camp bunkhouse by wading into it, a peavey-stock in hand, and laying half a dozen combatants cold, then running at least a dozen others out into the snow where they quickly cooled.

When I asked McLean about these and other incidents credited to him, he was slightly apologetic. "It was damn foolishness," he said. "I was young and didn't know better." But he doesn't regret having worked in the Dark Ages of logging and is happy he lived to see the day when the average lumberjack is not to be distinguished from any other decent young American engaged in earning an honest living. And getting well paid for it.

At seventy-two, White-Water McLean stands like a spartree. He still moves, in spite of those knees he grumbles about, with the swift, catlike grace of men accustomed to riding the heaving decks of logs in the water. The worst thing about retirement is what to do with his still boundless energy. Except in his modest home in Seaside, Oregon, he is almost a myth, the veritable Old Nestor of the timber.

Don't be a TV sucker

If you plan to buy a television set and are confused about rackets and color, here are some helpful suggestions by an authority.

By LOU WEDEMAR

MILLIONS of dollars are being stolen every month from men who, often bludgeoned into it by wife or child, buy a television set, adapter, color converter or some other video gimmick. Servicing, repairs and new parts for sets already bought cost the American male countless other millions.

They are the victims of the many-barrelled television racket, against which the authorities were just beginning to move when the Federal Communications Commission helped it by the famous, or infamous, CBS decision. This decision several weeks ago gave a monopoly to Columbia Broadcasting System for color television transmission and reception.

In its first phase the result was to render 8,500,000 expensive TV sets absolutely worthless for the reception of some programs and to throw a potential new burden of millions of dollars' expense on TV set owners. Fortunately the decision will be modified.

Reliable estimates in the $3,000,000,000 industry are that unethical and illegal business practices mulct the public of $270,000,000 a year. That's about $33 per set, and many men will tell you they've personally been stuck for many times $33 in one TV transaction. Some manufacturers make you a sucker for around $40,000,000 a year by using cheap unreliable materials. Unscrupulous dealers take you for $80,000,000 or more by overcharging, switching brand names, and everything from hypnotism to practically armed robbery

when you get in their stores. The service and parts racket is worst of all because the average man is helpless before the complex video instrument and he pays out about a quarter-million dollars a year more than necessary for servicemen's time and replacement of parts.

Four basic problems confront the average man who doesn't own a television set today.

The first is whether to buy a set. Strong urging in either direction would probably get me a punch in the face, so I won't go further than to say mildly that in my opinion television is potentially the most valuable means of entertainment, education and general information in existence, and that its importance is increasing. It we survive the atomic threat, television will do more than any conceivable earthly force for a wise, healthy and happy human race. It may even be the means of ending atomic threats. I think anyone who closes eyes and ears to television is unfair to himself and to the community.

As for myself, when the television boom was beginning just after War II, I didn't own a receiver. I had been close to the field since its inception in the 1920's but the industry had been strangled by technical difficulties and material shortages. So I rented a tiny set for a special occasion and since then existence BTV seems as primitive as life prior to the wheel. I bought a $1,000 set I couldn't afford and I've not regretted it for a moment. It has a 16-inch picture tube, which is large enough for me to enjoy baseball or Shakespeare when I'm thirty feet away; it has excellent tone and, despite the fact that New York TV stations have been moving their transmitters all around the city, I get all seven satisfactorily. The set was made with first-class parts by fine technicians and proves again that it is worth while to pay for quality. However, the little five-inch-screen rented set was incalculably better than none at all.

So I say buy a set. Color? My set won't receive color, it won't even pick up in black-and-white whatever color broadcasts come along. To convert it to CBS color would cost more than $100 and I'd have to hire Rube Goldberg to redesign the living-room. If, despite Congress, the United States Supreme Court and the opposing monopolies, clumsy CBS color becomes an exclusive medium, I'll buy a CBS set for color and pay for it regretfully $1 a week when they catch me. As things are now color TV is a beautiful toy, but other methods and other decisions by the omnipotent FCC may change the setup any hour. Nothing, however, is likely to reduce regular TV sets' value more than a negligible per cent unless the FCC is nuts and bound to be dictator.

The second basic worry of a prospective TV purchaser is what kind of set to buy. Of supreme importance is the manufacturer. The essential principle of television reception is identical in all sets; devices and circuits vary within a narrow range. A company can take the circuit of a perfect receiver and make a set with parts that work poorly or break down after being used a while. Be sure that the set is made by a manufacturer proud of its name, one that cannot afford to sell inferior sets. One little trick may help you to decide: Almost without exception the more tubes in the TV receiver itself the better reception you will get.

This all ties in with the ac-

tual purchase. If you're fortunate enough to live in an area where sets are sent to the home without cost for tryouts, by all means take advantage of such offers after narrowing down the field to two or three sets. Be careful, however, of one racket involved in this. The ad saying "free home demonstration" may say in small print "small charge for engineers' time" or something of the sort. Find out whether there is any charge at all before becoming involved and how much.

Watch the tax charges, too. A new federal tax recently in effect applies to wholesale and not to the retail price. No dealer has the right to charge you this tax over the list price. As to total charges on the set, don't let the blood rush to your head. Ask in detail just why it costs what it does, which is tax and which is racket. Don't pay the racket charges.

Television sets are like women — it's hard to find good ones. They're expensive at first and upkeep may be terrific. They're full of parts that can get out of order. And a worthless chassis may be dressed up fit to kill. Some purchasers buy a television set on the looks of the cabinet. A pretty TV console, holding a set that won't work, is as meaningless as the large type in the dealer's ad.

Life-size picture? No set except projection jobs in theaters gives a life-size picture of a six-foot man, because the screen isn't that large. A 16-inch tube will give a picture of almost any man's head two or three times life-size. Who wants a life-size football team wrecking the room?

Boasts that you must look out for are such as: "No more blurry picture." Any set made will give you a blurry picture if it's out of tune or something else has gone wrong with it. "Pure focus." All but the cheapest sets will give you satisfactory focus if properly adjusted. "Bright picture." Brilliance is also a matter of regulation in any good set. "Steady image." Adjustment. "Invisible antenna." It works in the right locations only, no matter which set you buy. "Unidirectional reception." Depends on the location and the installation, not the set, if the set is solid. "All the picture." Any good set can be adjusted so you can get all the picture or a part of it. "Remote control." That was done with radio, and it was largely just another gadget to get out of order. "Magnifying video tube." An adjustment possible on any set that enlarges part of the transmitted picture while omitting all the rest of it.

As to sound from your TV receiver, it will be good on a good receiver and poor on a poor one, except in cheap makes where all the money is spent on the sound system. A large speaker — 10-inch or more — helps to get better sound fidelity.

Combination radio, FM, phonograph and television receivers, with or without mixmaster attached, are sources of great revenue to the manufacturers. The general rule is that a television receiver and FM work together without conflict, while other attachments may interfere. Hook your phonograph onto a radio, if you still want to listen to either.

Ease of tuning and one-knob control are boasts being made more and more frequently. When such sets are perfectly adjusted they work perfectly, if they are properly constructed. But many changes occur in a set during use, and you'll probably be using more than one control no matter what the ads say.

If you can possibly avoid it,

don't buy a set without a 100 per cent guarantee, one that you can understand and one that you can rely on the seller to live up to. The best guarantee is one clearly holding the manufacturer responsible for original condition and service. If the manufacturer has no branch in your neighborhood this would mean shipping the set back to him for service. If he does not have his own service outfit available to you, he will try to service the set without removing it. Don't be misled by trick phrases in service contracts. There are dozens of rackets in TV servicing, some of which I'll outline at the end of this article. But be sure you get a service contract with a reliable business firm when you buy your set. Read all the fine print. You're going to have the set around a long time and it is very much in the way when it doesn't work. Second to the factory guarantee is a service contract with the firm from which you purchase it. But be sure that other customers have such contracts and are satisfied with their service. Be sure they actually have qualified television engineers in thir employ, not kids out of school or crackpots who still live in the crystal wireless days. A television set has hundreds of times more parts than a radio and one of them can wreck the entire complex instrument.

Watch carefully the actual cost of the set, the delivery charge, the installation charge, and the service charge. It is worth paying $50 or more a year for complete service of your set, parts included, because a gyp service man can charge you eight hours' work at from $2 to $10 an hour for making a minor adjustment. If you have the contract with a reliable firm it will be in its interest to do the work promptly and efficiently. However, many a man has lost fees as high as $200, and sometimes the set itself, by trusting the wrong service outfit. Some take parts from your set and put them in others, and vice versa, until they're out of parts and out of business.

Let experienced men install your set and service it. The current in it is stepped up to higher voltage than is used in electric chairs, and you risk your life if you reach inside. The picture-tube is dangerous if inexpertly handled and will explode if struck directly or dropped. Keep the cabinet glass shield over it. And don't put up your own aerial. High-voltage lines have killed more than one man trying to save a few dollars by doing an expert's work. Only be sure he is an expert.

Remember: Get a set of good manufacture from a reliable dealer. Get a receipt stating the make, type, number and price of the set. Make the dealer *prove* you can get all available channels in your own home, by doing it. Check your dealer with the nearest Better Business Bureau or Board of Trade or city complaints department and see if there have been any complaints on sets or service.

Now a few more tricks of manufacturers, dealers and servicemen found by myself and other investigators.

They may use a reliable name on a bootleg set. They may use inferior parts in a good-name circuit. They may economize at your expense. They may install a lousy set in a beautiful cabinet. Some use misleading ads. They advertise one fine bargain to get you into a store but they have "sold" the only set like that. Some make you think you're getting service when all you get is

installation. Some try to charge you for a tax already paid.

A contract television service agent may be instructed to "get the aerial up and one good picture" just to get your signature. Some will take an essential part from your set and not return it. They will threaten to take your set to the store for repairs, just to avoid fixing it at your home, because they know you don't want to lose the use of it. Some service outfits right now are ready for bankruptcy and have dozens of lawsuits pending against them but keep on taking new business. Be sure you are insured on replacement of parts and tubes.

And don't forget: Bill of sale, manufacturer's guarantee, and service contract. You may never look at them again, but oh, man! If you ever need them they better be right.

The CBS system differs from that of RCA and CTI in that it uses a spinning disc in front of the picture tube to recreate the colors in the object being televised. This disc is turned by an electric motor at high speed and is so synchronized that the correct color segment is in place. It is agreed that this reconstructed color is very effective and, except for definition and size, an improvement over black and white. However, it is a mechanical device, more than electronic, with more parts to get out of order and can be considered a substitute for the actual transmission of color rather than the real thing. This is a quibble: If you like CBS color buy it — with a solid guarantee.

RCA and CTI also replace color with their devices, rather than transmit it directly. However, they use electronic devices entirely, with no moving parts other than electric current itself and the cathode beam. A primitive form has three picture tubes, each reproducing a color, and a mixer to put the three pictures into one frame and give the illusion of a single picture. Another electronic arrangement is to have three cathode "guns" in one tube, each striking luminescent material of one color only and creating the picture on the tube-face as is now done in black-and-white. Various filtering and lens arrangements have been used. This picture can be sent on the same line-basis that is now used for black-and-white, and so you could receive color pictures in black-and-white on present non-color sets. Some "bugs" in the method are still being worked out, however; it is expensive, compared to CBS's system, and the FCC has okayed CBS first.

Right Answer, Wrong Man

Bob Trout, best known for his "Who Said That" program knew a gal who went to Mexico for a divorce, but she did not know Spanish. She was told by her lawyer to say "Si, si" to all questions. She did. After much "Si-si-ing" she got the divorce, all right, then discovered also that she had married the judge.

The party leaves the jeep and starts walking to Accompong.

How I Unmade History

Even the Saint never stirred up a diplomatic dilemma such as this

By LESLIE CHARTERIS

Creator of The Saint

TO practically all of us humble microbes on this speck of planetary dust, History is just one the inescapable evils of a school curriculum, a rather dull thread of plot draped over dates that have to be memorized like a multiplication table, peopled with the almost mythical names of the supermen who ordered which way the thread should go, who created and de-

stroyed empires and moved nations like pieces on a chessboard.

Mostly this operation seems to consist of some supermen stirring up a lot of trouble, and finally being smacked down by an even more godlike character, with some anonymous assistance from the common people, meaning ourselves.

We just naturally accept our casting as extras in this epic production. We don't see ourselves as Napoleons or Wellingtons, Hitlers or Churchills. We wouldn't want their parts if they were handed to us on a chinchilla doormat. We are just the bums who nursed our chilblains at Valley Forge or squirmed in a muddy ditch in Korea. We don't expect to get into any history books. All we want is a quiet time.

Me too.

In school, history was my worst subject, with the possible exception of English. I wanted no part of it.

So there may be some poetic justice in the fact that just as I have been forced to earn a living out of my own quaint version of the English language, I should also have been obliged to dunk my fat head into the tide of History.

Only because this may give some cheer to you other frustrated Caesars, and because the History books of the future might be tempted to gloss over it. I am herewith going to make damn sure that my personal contribution is on record. I am going to show that anyone who is on his toes may be able to do something about History

All it took, in my case, was the ability to read.

I take you now to some antecedent history which I read in a book.

The "Cockpit Country" of Jamaica (not the race track, dopes — the island in the British West Indies) is inhabited by an estimated couple of thousand Negroes known as the Maroons. Nobody seems to be sure of the origin of this name, or what it stands for. They are the descendents of slaves who were turned loose and left behind by the Spaniards when they surrendered Jamaica to the British, and they later were joined by numbers of runaway British slaves.

On Jamaican maps the Cockpit is also marked with the gorgeously sinister name "District of Look Behind." If you saw it, you could readily imagine why. It is a turmoil of precipitous hills crowded closer together

The trail through the jungle was rocky and hot.

than any other hills I ever saw, and thickly blanketed with jungle. For guerilla fighters only recently removed from the wilds of Africa, it must have been a happy hunting ground. For the redcoats who were sent against them in one futile expedition after another, it could only have been hell.

In fact, it was. So much so that in 1738, after many valuable soldiers had been slaughtered to no effect, the proud British Government found it the better part of discretion to make a formal peace treaty with those intractable outlaws, recognize them as a free people, and establish the boundaries of their territory.

Ted Newlin, Secretary for Social Welfare in Jamaica, whom I met in Nassau, told me about this treaty. "The Maroons are completely independent. They make their own laws and appoint their own chief, who is called the Colonel," said he.

The idea of an independent republic which hardly anyone could have heard of, surviving in the middle of a British island, fascinated me.

"Can anyone go there?" I asked.

"It's rough," he said. "And you'd have to be known. Only about a dozen white people have been in. I mean, who came out. I went in myself once, to see if there was anything I could do for the Maroons."

Somebody else had to tell me that Ted could call himself Reverend if he liked, being actually on loan from the Methodist Church to the Colonial Secretariat. He wouldn't mention it himself.

I knew that Gerry Dugdale, the manager of the Royal Nassau Sailing Club, to which I have the honor to belong (it serves the best drinks at the lowest prices on the island) was formerly an Inspector in the Jamaica Police. He confirmed what Ted had said about the treaty, almost verbatim.

"I went in once myself," he said. "I was looking for a fellow who'd killed somebody. The Colonel complained to the Governor and I got a beautiful dressing-down for having violated the Treaty. Yes, it's rugged, all right. Newlin's the only chap I know who could take you in."

When I was younger and slightly more stupid than I am now, I had my spell of trying to do some intrepid and adventurous things, which I thought would lend authenticity to the stories I meant to write and would also give me something to boast about to admiring young women. That was long ago.

However, this was a challenge.

I went to a farewell party for Ted Newlin, and said: "About those Maroons . . . "

"It seems they've been having some trouble up there," he said. "Some new chap just became Colonel and it sounds like a *coup d'etat*. There's a rumor that a couple of Reds were in there recently. The Governor wants me to go in again and see if I can find out what goes on. Quietly, you know." He puffed his pipe. "Would you like to come along?"

So we left Kingston a week later.

For the historical record, this was in February, 1949.

We went by train, then by car, then by jeep, and when the jeep couldn't go any farther we started walking. There were supposed to have been some mules waiting for us but somebody had forgotten them.

My wife, Betty, was quite happy about this. She doesn't like mules. I could believe that she

had arranged for them to be forgotten. For in spite of our best arguments, she had implacably refused to be left behind. She always wanted to go along on something like this, she said. Just like in the movies.

The disadvantage of this was that I had to make like the hike to Accompong (which is the capital of the Maroon territory) was just a walk in the sun to me. It was, too. It was a walk that took most of the day, most of it up 45-degree hills, with lots of sun and an air temperature of about 105.

Fortunately, about halfway, we encountered a roving troupe of about a dozen half-naked black boys about 12 years old, among whom we distributed our baggage and the several bottles of rum we had brought as peace-offerings. With their help, we made it.

The Colonel that Ted had met greeted us at the village gates. He wore a white pith helmet, a striped shirt with no collar, a period piece of military harness with ammunition pouches, a pair of blue pants with red braid down the sides, and an antique sword. Behind him stood a thoughtful score of Maroons, two or three in surprisingly sharp suits and tight shoes but most of them in rags mainly held together with holes.

Practically all the ragged ones carried long, wickedly sharp machettes. I tried to look as if this meant nothing to me. But nobody teed off on us and the Colonel said we were welcome. We went into his house and broke out the rum.

The village real estate ranged from strictly African huts through shanty-town shanties to the Colonel's house, which had straight walls and a shingle roof and was as big as a two-car garage. The Colonel gave us his house for our stay and his personal mosquitoes stayed with it.

Then the new Colonel, a very articulate young negro, showed up, and the pow-wow started almost at once.

Betty and I listened while Ted talked interminably with Colonels past and present. The new regime looked definitely shady and up to no good; but the Old Colonel didn't show up much better and he was quite senile and unable to assert himself.

The Maroons meanwhile were mainly concerned with taking advantage of Ted's presence to argue about the boundaries of their reservation, which they interpreted differently from the Government. It was the cross-purpose gabfest of all time and went on for two days with much drinking of firewater, "feasts" of muscular goat and athletic hen and some strictly African dancing at night.

Ted's patience seemed inexhaustible and Betty and I were studiously devoted to winning no enemies. We all did so well at this that on the third day we were invited to adjourn further into the Cockpit to the "Peace Cave."

This was one of the old guerrilla hideouts and the place where the 1738 Treaty was signed.

It was another nice day's walk in the sun and just as vertical as the trail to Accompong. At the end of it there was only a hole in a rock, which Ted and I were cordially invited to enter. Personally, I only accepted the invitation because I didn't see how I could argue with the assembled machettes.

We crawled in with an oil lamp and four Maroons. In the hollow at the end of the tunnel we were packed like sardines.

Coconuts and rum quench the thirst.

One of the Maroons was an elderly but vigorous character called "The Commander."

The Commander said: "Put out de light."

The lamp went out.

"Who got de knife?" said the Commander.

Strong hands grasped my wrist. The main reason I didn't move was because I couldn't see any use in it. Not even when a sharp point pricked my arm.

Suddenly the Commander laughed uproariously.

The other Maroons laughed too, in echo. The hands released me, slapped me on the back.

"Brave man," said the Commander. "Light de light. Now we drink rum."

As we crawled out a little later Ted said: "They did it to me when I came here before."

What I said to him shouldn't be said to a Methodist Reverend.

"Anyway," he said, "we are probably the only honorary Maroons on earth."

And then they all went back to the same old haggling. And suddenly one of the mob, to prove his argument about the boundaries, quite dramatically whipped out an original copy of the Treaty itself, which he had thoughtfully carried with him all day.

The hassle went on and I got hold of the Treaty and retired to a shaded rock to recover my breath and read it.

I read every word of it.

Right through to the last paragraph, which said:

> Captain Cudjoe shall during his life be Chief Commander in Trelawny Town; after his decease the command to devolve on his brother Captain

Accompong, and in case of his decease to his next brother Captain Johnny; and failing him Captain Cuffee shall succeed; who is to be succeeded by Captain Quaco. (NOTE: These were the original Maroon leaders); *and after all their demises the Governor of Jamaica for the time being shall appoint, from time to time, whom he thinks fit for that command.*

Now you understand why I wanted to make it clear in the beginning that I was quoting the Treaty as told to me by Newlin and Dugdale, who in turn were quoting what their predecessors had told them.

For more than 200 years that had gone on, perpetuating the same myth, until I read the small print in the contract that afternoon.

I edged back into the palaver, tapped Ted on the shoulder, and said: "Look did you see this?"

That broke it up.

Of course, to save its face, the British Government couldn't admit that it had just looked at the Treaty again after a couple of centuries and made this great discovery. It was all handled with great discretion and diplomacy. The Maroons were persuaded to agree to hold a properly supervised election; the Governor would confirm the elected Colonel, if he was acceptable. It was sweetly done.

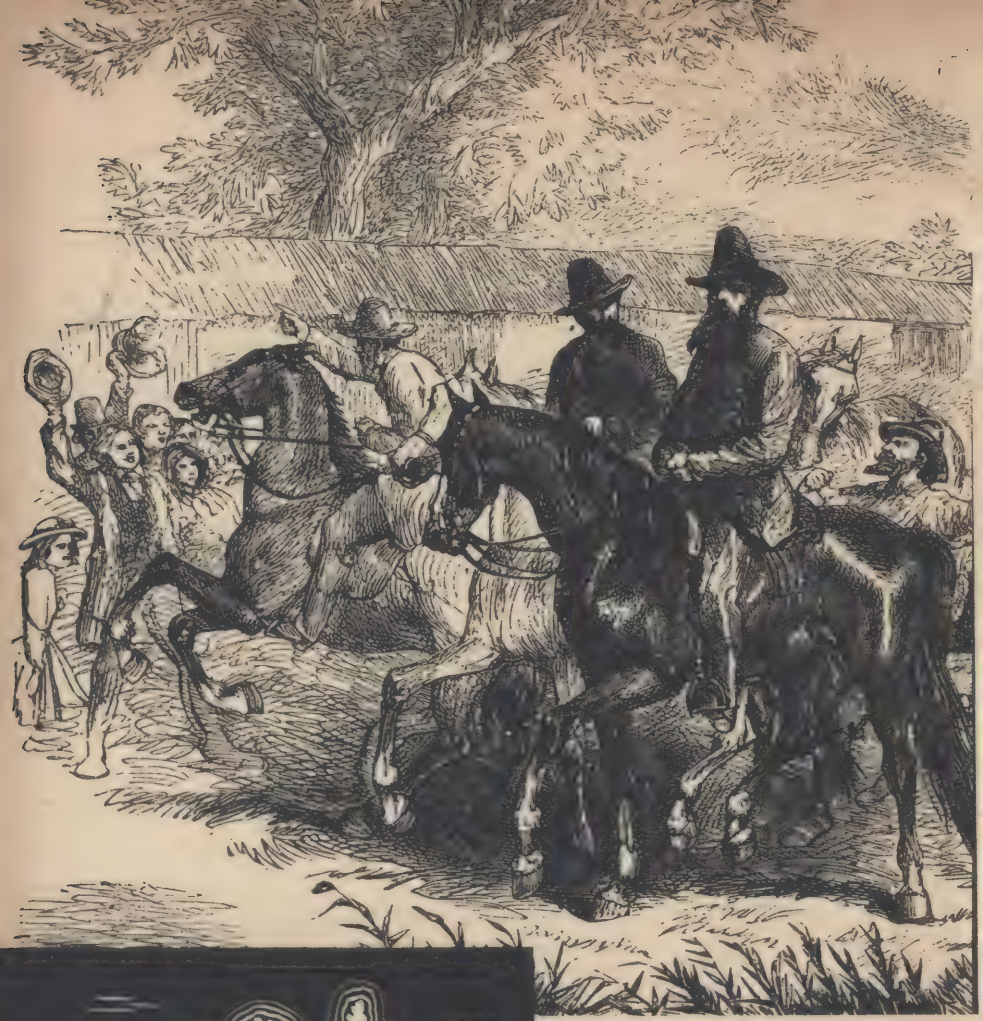
But I was the guy who loused up the fairytale. Just because I could read and couldn't resist showing off about it.

Me — a blood brother of the Maroons.

Should I have kept my big mouth shut?

Just don't be too fast with your answer. It could have happened to anyone.

Home of the governor of the Maroons



Route taken by Burke.

Fifteen men set out to be first to cross the unknown hell of Australia's gibber plains but only —

An old print shows start of Burke's ill-fated expedition.

one came back

By GEORGE SCULLIN

AS soon as young John King arrived in India, it was obvious that a mistake had been made. He had no business there under even the best of circumstances, and the best of circumstances were something he would not find as a private in the 70th Foot Regiment. The heat swelled up in the Desert of Thar and rolled over him and left him flat, dysentry claimed him for its own, and even the smell of India

seeped into his lungs in a way that seemed to poison his blood. Pale and thin even before he left the clean, washed air of his native Ireland, he became within a year a wasted, pallid ghost with burning eyes and a firm resolution not to be shipped home to die. This is the story of that resolution.

King's medical officer would have sent him home early in his tour of duty had not the young invalid developed an amazing way with camels and a surprising ability to do his duty even while appearing to be on the verge of knocking at Death's door. The camels were a necessary part of the regiment, taking the place of supply wagons on the long marches, and a man who could handle the vicious, fractious beasts was a man to be valued. So King was permitted to stagger about, caring for his charges when they were sick, keeping them under control when they were well, and exercising a soothing effect on the temperamental native camel drivers. At last, though, valuable as King was, the medical officer could no longer stand the thought of having King's death on his conscience and ordered him home.

Thus it was that King was listlessly drooping around the dock at Karachi, waiting for a ship to take him home, when George Landells came in from Melbourne, Australia, hunting for camels. He wanted them, he announced loudly, for an expedition that would cross Australia from south to north and return, something that had never before been attempted. In fact, in this year of 1860, no one had ever penetrated more than a few hundred miles into the interior of the vast continent. Captain Charles Sturt, who had done as much exploring of the interior as all the other adventurers combined, had reported after his last desperate trip that Australia was just "one big hell" inside, and you could have it.

King was not long in making himself known to Landells as a camel expert, nor was he long in discovering that Landells was not telling the whole story of the expedition. The facts, as they emerged from an unending procession of whiskey bottles that could never quite quench Landells' prodigious thirst, were that the citizens of Melbourne had gone crazy with gold fever and had raised more than $100,000 with which to finance the expedition. They were sick and tired of hearing only rumors of what lay inside the continent, rumors of vast gold fields, of a great inland sea bordered with rich farmlands, of a cattle and sheep country so vast and fertile that it staggered the imagination. If but one of these rumors turned out to be true, then Australia was the richest country in the world and it was time to find out about it. A fortune awaited the members of the expedition that would be first to return with the answers.

King's eyes burned more intensely after hearing these reports and his cheeks became even more pale than before, if that was possible, but when he announced that he wanted to go along on the trip even Landells at his drunkest had to laugh.

"Sorry, me lad," he boomed. "You wouldn't last a minute. Why, man, even if there is an ocean inside there where the breezes are cool, we know we have to cross a desert before we get to it. Cap'n Sturt nearly died on his last trip. Even if you was the picture of health, which you ain't, you couldn't make it."

But King was determined to

go. Not for him was a return to England with a medical discharge that meant if he was too sick for the army, he was too sick for any other job. King went to the caravansaries around Karachi and helped Landells select 24 docile, well-trained camels. Some were the hard-footed kind, good for carrying heavy burdens over rocky ground. Some were the long-legged racing camels. He also hired three Sepoy camel drivers of his acquaintance. It then developed, for no explainable reason, that the camels, while docile enough when King was around, displayed ungovernable tempers when he was absent. In the end the alarmed Landells, who was terrified of the beasts, agreed to King's suggestion that he accompany the camels to Australia just to keep them pacified.

The sea voyage did nothing for King's health one way or another. He arrived in Melbourne in the state of a walking corpse and stepped into a situation that would have wrecked a giant. The Australians went mad about his camels. As the weird beasts humped through the dusty streets the entire drinking population, which was everybody, would come pouring out of the pubs to watch the parade. If only they had watched, all still might have been well but they insisted upon treating the new arrivals as they welcomed all strangers, with a drink. Beer kegs were brought out and the heads smashed in that the camels might drink. So enthusiastically did the camels and their Sepoy drivers respond to this excessive hospitality that the Melbourne *Argus* printed a front page appeal to "stop killing them with kindness."

A camel sober is cantankerous enough, but one with a hump full of beer can become downright unmanageable. King had to be retained until the expedition could get far enough away from civilization to give the camels a chance to sober up.

On August 20, 1860, the great Victorian Exploring Expedition got under way. The leader was 39-year-old Robert O'Hara Burke, a colorful braggart who had won some distinction as the fighting chief of police in the fighting town of Castlemaine, 80 miles north of Melbourne. Burke kept order by making a personal tour of the twenty pubs in his town every day, wearing carpet slippers, patched pants, and a rough, ragged jacket over his shirtless, hairy chest. In each pub he did his duty with the bottle, yet at no time was he incapable of joining any additional celebrations that might crop up as the result of a new gold strike or a favorable turn of fortune in any of the many gambling halls. But if this estimable performance was not enough to qualify him for the leadership of the expedition he had the additional merit of cleanliness. Beside his shack he had dug a pit in which enough rainwater collected to permit him to bathe in the nude daily, a rite conducted under the approving gaze of all the passersby on the main street.

Landells was second in command, and third was a young medic named William John Wills. Wills was long on brains with a solid foundation in mathematics, surveying, astronomy, navigation, and elementary medicine but he was short on brawn, having only a slight edge on King in a contest of muscles. In addition there were some botanists, doctors, minerologists and bushmen attached to the expedition, about whom the least said the better. All told, there were fif-

teen men in the original group, including the three Sepoys.

Two months and nine days after leaving Melbourne the expedition staggered into the last outpost of civilization, a ranch, or station, called Menindie. This ranch property on the Darling River was only 500 miles from Melbourne and represented an average of about eight miles a day for the hardy travellers. In a way, even that speed was remarkable. Villagers, farmers and miners had turned out in droves along the whole line of the parade with usual accompaniment of bottled goods for the heroic men and beasts alike. It was then, and still is, the wettest march in the long history of exploration. King retained his usual state of ill health.

With the great unknown before them — and the great drought — the explorers paused to take stock of the situation. William Wright, the station manager, the sheep herders, and a few neighbors from fifty miles away, paused with them. It was quite a pause. Every drop of whiskey on the ranch was drained and when everything else was gone, Landells produced two cases of arrack, a medicine for camels with a rum base, that King had brought along for his charges. The arrack separated the men from the boys. Landells headed back for Melbourne where whiskey was more plentiful and with him went some botanists and minerologists. At the end of the shakedown there were eight white men and the three Sepoys left to lurch on toward Cooper's Creek, beyond which no man ever had gone. Among the eight was William Wright, the station manager, still drunk.

Cooper's Creek, a damp, tree-lined streak through an empty, barren country, was reached in mid-November, at the approach of the summer dry season. Here they built a base camp and sent Wright and a couple of bushmen back to the ranch to bring up more supplies. But the camp was not destined to last. First to move in on them were clouds of flies, blood-thirsty beyond anything ever encountered before. The thin-necked camels were driven frantic by the pests, and the thick-coated horses were but little better off. King and his Sepoys worked day and night claming their bests and were just attaining some success with fly nets made from canvas when a rat army descended upon them. Rifles and pistols were useless against the hordes. The men fell to with cutlasses but still more armies of rats came. There was no enduring them. Driven to desperation, Burke ordered a forced march at full speed. Not until they had raced fifty miles down the stream did they feel safe. This time they made a rat-proof stockade out of gumwood and eucalyptus and sat down to await the arrival of Wright with the additional supplies.

Wright had no intention of returning with supplies. Having sampled the flies on Cooper's Creek, and having experienced the pangs of going without whiskey for days, he knew when he was well off. Using the credit given him by Burke with which to buy supplies, he sat in the first pub he came to and he intended to stay there until he drank it dry. It beat going back to work on the ranch.

Burke waited a month for Wright and at last he could stand it no longer. Taking stock of the supplies, he decided he had enough to enable four men to make a dash for the north coast, 700 miles away, and return. Just how he could arrive

An army of rats followed the flies and forced them to move on.

at such a decision when he knew nothing of the type of country he would encounter never has been explained. To accompany him he picked the young medic, Wills, an adventurous ex-sailor named Charles Gray, and, to handle the camels, the sickly John King. A Swede named William Brahe was placed in command of the base camp. "Wait for us four months," Burke told him. "If we aren't back then you can figure we are dead and you can return to Melbourne. Wright should be here with supplies any day now, so you should be well fixed."

With that Burke mounted his horse and rode off, King, Wills, and Gray swinging in behind on the camels and following closely.

The trip was a hell-bender. They hit the gibber plains where there was nothing but head-sized rocks for miles and more miles. Then there were plains where the gibbers were as large as box cars, and where, Wills noted in his log, "The temperature has gone to 140 degrees in the shade, beyond which my thermometer does not register." They tried traveling at night but the round gibbers constantly rolled from beneath the camels' feet and the falls were bone-cracking to both men and beasts. There was nothing for it but to plow through with time out only during the full hell of high noon.

The country remained monotonously flat, low-lying ridges

covered with gibbers marking the horizon and brush-lined creek and pond beds marking the low spots. Nowhere was there a sign of any creek that ever had flowed anywhere but to the center of its own saucer-shaped depression. It became their practise to surmount a low ridge, spot a patch of brush, and head for it. Always they could count on finding a few kangaroos and some edible birds around such brush patches and if the pond bed proved to be dry they usually could find water two or three feet down.

Burke now became obsessed with the idea of being first across Australia. What good sense he ever had was lost in his overpowering urge for speed. The day's march was extended from 11 to 16 hours. The camels felt the pace first. Their humps began to shrink and at each halt their pack ropes had to be tightened. Burke's horse faltered next with sore feet. King, with no health to lose, remained unaffected. If anything, he brightened up a little, but Burke, Gray and Wills began to show the effects of heat, exhaustion and malnutrition.

The first sign that they were nearing the coast was the lengthening of the creek beds. Wills noted in his journal that the creeks no longer lost themselves within their own depression but seemed to wander in a northerly direction from one pond bed to the next.

Then came the rains. Flash floods filled the creek beds to overflowing. The claypan flatlands became a chaos of mud. The heat persisted in spite of the rains and their flour, dried meat and cereal foods became putrid in the humid climate. At this point a camel became bogged in a swollen creek and refused to move. King, loathe to lose the animal, finally hit upon a plan to effect its release. A few hundred yards up the creek from the foundered camel were high mud banks. By caving these in, a temporary dam was formed. When at last enough water had been impounded, the dam was broached and within an instant a wall of water four feet high swept down upon the hapless camel and flushed him out like a piece of drift wood.

On February 9th the creek they were following had led them into such a mudflat they could go no farther with the camels. The rain was continuing and when King went down to the creek for water he noted that it was rising rapidly. He returned with a bucket of water but after it had been boiled for tea it turned out to be unfit to drink. "Mud," said Burke, and threw his cup away. Wills continued to sip his, slowly, and with a puzzled expression. Suddenly he gave a shout that startled the rest. "It's not mud," he exclaimed. "It's salt! We've reached the sea!"

And so it turned out. What King had mistaken for rising floodwaters was the incoming tide. The next day, when the weather cleared, they could see the line of mangroves that wreathed the coast and beyond that the ocean. They had crossed Australia.

Haste now became the order of the day. If they were to get back to Cooper's Creek before the expiration of the four months set by Burke, they would have to maintain the same pace on the return trip that they had set on the outward trip. Wills noting the exhausted condition of the men and beasts, wrote in his journal that he doubted it could be done. Their food supply,

he wrote, would hardly last two weeks under normal conditions. Between the heat and the rain, he feared most of it would rot within a week.

His fears were confirmed. Worse, as a result of eating spoiled food, Gray and Burke came down with dysentery. On the tenth day of the return trip, a scorcher, they killed a camel and dried the meat on the hot gibbers. Two other pack camels, frightened by the smell of blood, ran away. Years later they were seen by another exploring party, apparently happy in their transplanted life.

The fresh meat helped some but next day the rains returned and the rest of the dried meat rotted overnight. They had to kill the horse, by now reduced to such a rack of bones that his tough meat lasted them little more than a week. The kangaroos and game birds that had been plentiful around the water holes on the way north were scattered all over the plains now that grass was plentiful and they could not get within gunshot. They stumbled on, their clothes in rags, their boots little more than strips of leather, Burke and Gray riding the two remaining camels for two hours, then King and Wills taking their turns for a similar period. Gray complained more and more of violent headaches, but as he looked to be no worse than the rest, they accused him of shamming. Then on April 16th, as if to prove the legitimacy of his complaints, Gray died. So weak were the remaining three that it took their combined efforts a whole day to dig a shallow grave for his body.

Five days later, with Burke clinging weakly to the back of the lead camel, and King and Wills supporting each other on the back of the second camel, they lurched into the base camp on Cooper's Creek. It was deserted.

Burke fell from his camel in a faint. When Wills and King tried to lift him, they, too, fainted. For hours the men lay there, all hope gone. Then the rats returned and drove them to their feet.

It was Wills who found the message carved on a tree. "Dig three feet N.W.," it read, and it was dated, "April 21, 1861." That very day! They had missed their companions by hours, maybe minutes.

They dug with their bare hands, clawing at the earth until their broken fingernails drew blood. Eighteen inches down they came to a small chest filled with rice, sugar and flour. A note from Brahe reported that Wright never had arrived with supplies and that he was forced to return because his men were coming down with scurvy.

They started out again the next day, heading for a sheep station at Mt. Hopeless, about 150 miles to the southwest. The food they had eaten gave them an illusion of strength but this faded swiftly as the desert once more revealed itself for what it was. The rains stopped. In the intense heat that followed, streams dried up before their eyes. A camel bogged down in quick sand and sank before they could butcher it. On May 7th the remaining camel died. After they dried the meat they were too weak to carry more than a few pounds. Burke ordered a rest beside the carcass for ten days to regain their strength. Wills argued that such a rest would do no real good, that they should continue on with such reserve as they had. Burke, however, pointed out that he still was in

command. Ten precious days were wasted, at the end of which they were, as Wills had predicted, weaker than before.

That is, Burke and Wills were weaker. King still was on his feet, roaming around, and on one of his excursions he encountered some friendly natives who showed him how to make nardoo by grinding the seeds of a clover-like desert plant between rocks. With nardoo as an additional source of food they took what meat they could carry and started out but the delay was to prove fatal. The water holes ahead of them had dried up. Hastily they returned, only to find the waterholes they had left were drying up. On May 27th they were back on Cooper's Creek, 35 miles from the base camp and too weak to continue.

Then began the slow process of dying. On June 16th King shot a crow and the meager nourishment of this gaunt bird staved off death for two weeks. Then Wills died. Four days later Burke died. Alone in hell, King plumbed his skeleton of a body for yet another rserve of strength and found it. The rats moved in on him and he welcomed them as a source of meat pie. He ground his nardoo flour and it nourished him as it had failed to nourish the others. Crows fell before his deadly rifle. Then he managed to bag a kangaroo. The natives, who had watched him unseen for a week, decided he might be a handy man to have around with his gun, so they took him into the tribe. They taught him how to roam at will around the desert. His body filled out as it had never filled out before.

Back in Melbourne, Brahe was raising one of the biggest rescue expedtions of all time. One party was sent by ship to the north coast from where it was to start its search southward. Another cut into the center of Australia from the east coast and a third party was sent to Cooper's Creek to follow Burke's trail from there. By the time the various expeditions had completed their searches, Australia's interior was no longer a mystery.

On September 15th John King was found by a party headed by A. W. Howitt. He returned to Melbourne and quickly lapsed into his normal state of ill health. A grateful Victorian Parliament deposited $15,000 for his benefit, the interest of which he could draw each year and spend as he chose. A year later the Royal Society of Victoria gave him a watch. On this bounty he lived for ten years, forgotten but not forgetting that when the chips were down it was he, the weakling, who had emerged as all man.

It Always Happens

Little boys play with soldiers. Little girls play with dolls. And when they grow up . . . yeah, that's right! . . . The guys take over the dolls, and the girls the soldiers.

Billy, left and Smarty, right, think love is wonderful as they make up to Spotty.

Ah, Sweet Bliss!

But wait! All's not as sublime
as one might think from this scene.
Now turn the page, please . . .

All Photos by Helen Nestler

Whaddya mean, you old roue, messing around with my special friend?

So you wanna fight, eh? Well, you won't when I get through with ya.

Your friend? Why you so-and-so Spotty's my pal. Howdya like that?

There! And I hope it's a cauliflower ear you get for your impudence

Dom DiMaggio's wrists typify the power that keeps veteran's in the game.

Nine Old Men May Win!

Will draft boards make championship baseball teams of the venerable St. Louis Cardinals and Boston Red Sox?

By STANLEY WOODWARD

BRANCH Rickey, president of the Pittsburgh Pirates and considered by some to be the keenest man in professional baseball, upset the even tenor of prognostication the other day when he said:

"The worse the national emergency gets, the stronger the St. Louis Cardinals will become by comparison with other teams in the National League."

On the surface this seems a surprising statement, for the Cardinal ball club, reputedly held together by tape and string, is definitely over the hill in the matter of age and debility.

But wait, what do you want when bugles are blowing and

greetings from the president are in every mail?

For any business, including baseball, you need a corps of operatives who will be around when their younger associates are working out in Fort Benning and Fort Sill. Therefore if one of your hobbies is picking the winners in the two major baseball leagues, do not be confused by the brilliance displayed last year and the year before by the junior genii. Just run your finger down the column headed "Date of Birth," and base your selections on that.

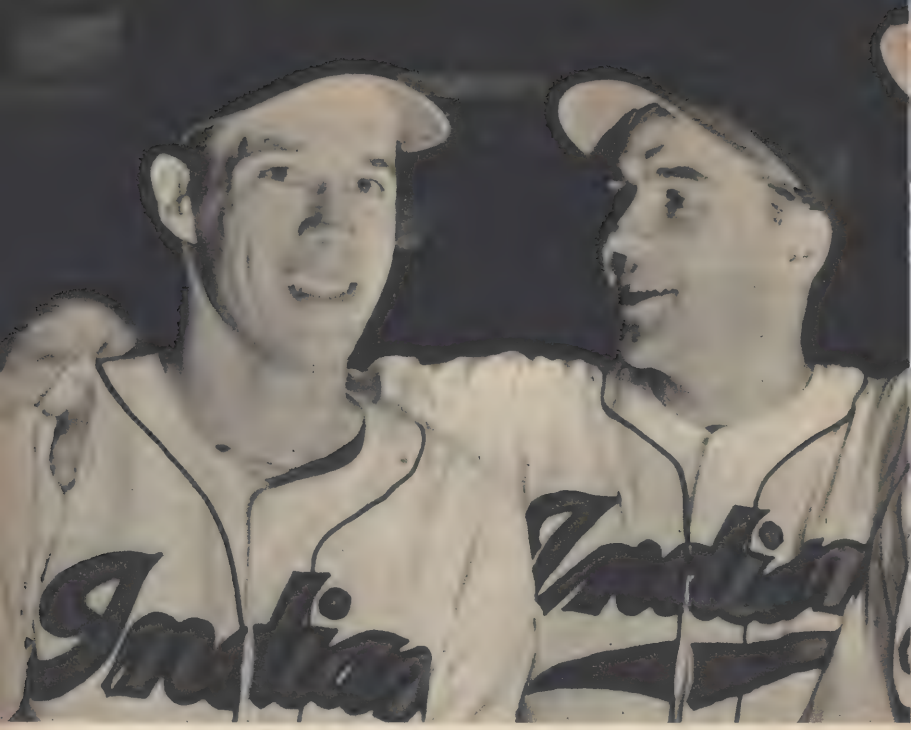
As we write, there are other qualities beside age and debility which will qualify a man to continue his civilian program in time of national emergency. Prior service for instance, dependence, marital status. But the United States of America can and will change the rules of the game in case it is decided more men are needed for national defense.

And so, if the international situation gets worse but still retains enough hopefulness to permit the continuance of baseball, those venerable Cardinal pitchers and numerous other ball players of twilight shading on other clubs will be the boys who can be expected to dominate the game.

Mr. Rickey knows, as do all other baseball men, that when the calibre of play sloughs off, as it did during the last war, the value of a smart, experienced pitcher rises like a cork in a water bucket. He may no longer have the stuff to blaze his way through a succession of sluggers but when he is confronted with mediocrity he can win.

Now the Cards would figure to

Here are Red Sox "Nine Old Men" (without pitcher). Left to right, Dom DiMaggio, Pesky, Williams, Stephens, Doer, Spence, Goodman, Tebbets.



Bob Feller, of Indians, left, and Boudreau, now with the Boston Red Sox.

land in first division this year if the situation were normal, or at least that is the way I see it. But just to show what Mr. Rickey means, let's run our finger down their list of pitchers.

There are two serviceable left-handers, Alpha Brazle and Harry (The Cat) Brecheen who were born in the State of Oklahoma five days apart in the year 1914, Brazle at Loyal, Brecheen at Broken Bow. Max Lanier, another left-hander who was suspended and then reinstated after a tour in the outlaw Mexican League, is a year younger, at 36. George Munger, big right-hander, is 33; Howie Pollet and Gerald Staley are thirty apiece.

Two more who could be effective in times of mediocre hitters are Fred Martin, who jumped to Mexico with Lanier and Ted Wilks who was reasonably effective last year in relief. Both of them are 36.

The first half-dozen we mentioned, Brazle, Brecheen, Lanier, Munger, Pollet and Staley, started no fires last year. To be statistically brutal, they won sixty-four games among them and lost sixty-three. We'll bet they do better than that in 1951, much better if the draft is accelerated as it seems likely to be.

To supplement this ripe old pitching staff, the Cards have a group of operatives who have become quite venerable in the eyes of baseball managers and military commanders, including such still redoubtable characters as Stan Musial, known in Brooklyn as the "Curled Spring" be-

cause of his explosive hitting style; Enos Slaughter, slugger outfielder, and Marty Marion, shortstop and newly-appointed manager. The last two are pushing thirty-five.

Please don't interpret all this to mean that I expect the Cards to win the National League pennant. We just believe with Mr. Rickey that the closer the United States gets to total mobilization the better the chances will be for the Cardinals' nine old men.

Just consider them in comparison with the Philadelphia Phillies, last year's National League champions, on a basis of military availability. The reliables of the pitching staff, excepting Jim Konstanty, the eminent reliefer, all are of military age. Ed Waitkus, first baseman, a wounded veteran of the war, is the only grown-up among the fielders.

Granny Hamner, shortstop, is 24, Mike Goliat, second baseman and Willie Jones, third base, are 25. The three regular outfielders, Dick Sisler, Richie Ashburn and Del Ennis all are in their twenties.

This is the youngest club in baseball, built by Eddie Sawyer, the manager, and Bob Carpenter, the owner, from the ground up for the future. In normal times it would be the favorite for the National League championship. Now it isn't. Curt Simmons, one of its best pitchers, already has entered the Army. We may learn any day that team-mates have joined him. Some have had distinguished military careers already, but that, our political soothsayers tell us, is not going to keep them out indefinitely, whether they volunteer, as Simmons did, or they are called up.

Old men but what a wallop they pack. Joe DiMaggio, left and John Mize.

Not cripples yet. Cardinals Pollett, Breechen, Brazle, Wilks, Burkhardt.

Looking at baseball as a whole, the most aged club of all is the Philadelphia Athletics, but it appears to me that it has sunk so far in the twilight years of Connie Mack's regime that no influence exerted by the new manager, Jimmy Dykes, could bring it up quickly in the event of a full-scale war.

Nearly as aged but considerably more potent are the Boston Red Sox. If you are looking for an American League counterpart of the war-proof Cardinals, this could be the club. The difference is that the Red Sox pitchers, except for Mel Parnell, the smooth left hander, were not only hard put to win in 1950 but even to defend themselves against the line drives which whizzed past their heads.

Since last year, however, the Sox have picked up two seasoned operatives from the Chicago White Sox, Rae Scarborough and Bill Wight. This pair, abetted by Parnell and such seasoned throwers as Joe Dobson and Walt Masterson might give the Sox a workable national-emergency pitching staff.

The Bostons can get along with less pitching than most clubs because they have such a swatch of venerable hitters; to name a few, Ted Williams, Dominic DiMaggio, Vern Stephens, John Pesky, Bobby Doerr and Birdie Tebbets. None of these performers is likely to be called into the service before the Russians land on Cape Cod. And to supplement this fearsome array of long-distance clouters, the Sox manage-

ment now has signed Lou Boudreau.

This gentleman not only is 34 years old but was declared a 4F in the last war due to a conglomeration of bends, wobbles and scleroses in his joints which the Army Medical Corps did not have the courage to take on.

Boston fans, and the management too, will never forget the league playoff game in 1948, when the Sox and Cleveland tied for the lead at the end of the schedule and met in a single game in Fenway Park to determine which should win the pennant and enter the world series. Boudreau, then manager of Cleveland as well as shortstop, golfed two home runs over the short Boston left field fence and settled the issue with some pitching aid from Gene Beardon. The Boston board of strategy figures Lou still can hit 330 with that laughable barrier to shoot at.

The perilous state of baseball never was more obvious than it was immediately after Hank Greenburg, the Cleveland tycoon, removed Boudreau as manager and started dickering for his disposal. There was, and still is, some doubt that Boudreau can play ball daily. He is truly battle-scarred. Moreover he hasn't played regularly for the past two years. Still he was in demand.

Mr. Rickey, who has just made the switch from Brooklyn to Pittsburgh, was hot on his trail. He wanted Lou principally for shortstop, perhaps as manager. But the Sox came through with heavy money, purportedly $50,000 a year for three years and that iced the opposition.

As far as can be determined Boston does not consider Bou-

Phillie? ? ? — From left, Meyer, Roberts, Heintzelman, Church, Konstanty.

dreau as a managerial possibility. Steve O'Neal appears to be solid. Joe Cronin, the Boston business manager, an old shortstop himself, seems to think Lou can play the infield for the Red Sox and join effectively in the hitting chorus.

Stripped of his managerial and social worries, Boudreau might make it. His trouble the past two years was that he could never get himself into playing condition. He'd go along all right for a while, then presently become involved in front office functions or sociabilities and start picking up weight. Playing shortstop, or first and third base, as he did occasionally, was an after-thought.

He is reported to think that he can get into shape, and gives himself four or five more good years if he is let alone and permitted to be a ball-player. He always has been a plate-crowding, pulling, long-range hitter. When he had a hinge in his middle he was a top shortstop, slow motion perhaps, but so smart he got the jump on balls which got past more active men.

The presence of Boudreau, as well as Scarborough and Wight in Boston, makes the Sox an apparently draft-proof ball club. They may lose some of their able young players like Walt Dropo, the slugging first baseman, Bill Goodman, the league batting champion and Maurice McDermott, the promising young left-hand pitcher, but they have the venerable slugging class to get somewhere, particularly with less young talent on opposition teams and they may well have adequate pitching themselves. Certainly they have the best the limitless bank-roll of Thomas Austin Yawkey, the owner, was able to buy.

If we were asked at this stage, with only a vague impression of the international future, to pick the first division clubs in the National and American Leagues, we would proceed as follows, cautiously and without regard for the actual order of finish.

American — Boston Red Sox, New York Yankees, Detroit Tigers, Cleveland Indians.

National — New York Giants, Brooklyn Dodgers, St. Louis Cardinals, Philadelphia Phillies.

The rest of the clubs seem neither (a) aged and experienced enough to amount to much if the emergency grows more pressing, (b) classy enough to rise in case it relaxes. All of them have some admirable qualities, age and debility, and the Chicago White Sox have in Alfonso Carrasquel a brilliant and untouchable Venezuelan shortstop, but none of them has enough of anything.

The Yankees appear to be reasonably emergency-proof and, inasmuch as they are the current world champions, probably will rate as favorite in the American League race. They have a set of four moderately venerable starting pitchers. Allie Reynolds and Ed Lopat are 33, Vic Raschi and Tom Byrne are 32.

They also have Joe Page who may rally at age 34 after a dismal 1950 season. Tom Ferrick, a spry old gentleman of 36 who did some good relief work for them last year, may come through in that role again.

There are some other vintage assets such as Joe DiMaggio (35), Johnny Mize (38), Phil Rizzuto, most valuable player of 1950, (33). The rest of the team is not particularly hot militarily for many of them have outstanding war records. Gerry Coleman, second baseman, for instance, was a distinguished military flyer and probably won't

be tapped, though he may choose to go back in the service.

The Yanks already have lost the sensational young freshman pitcher, Ed Ford, and Bobby Brown, the medical graduate who played third base against right handers, but Billy Johnson, the right hand hitting incumbent survives and is 33 years old. Larry Berra seems to be safe from the clutching hand of the army.

The Cleveland Indians and Detroit Tigers are not so well seasoned, but have their points. Detroit, for instance, has four pitchers in their thirties — Hal Newhouser, Fred Hutchinson, Paul Trout and Virgil Trucks and a nicely aged and top-flight catcher in Aaron Robinson (35). John Groth and Vic Wertz, their outfield sluggers, however, are hot prospects for draft boards.

The Indians have some ripe old pitchers, including Bob Feller and Bob Lemon but most of their hired hands need another year or so in the wood to be thoroughly settled.

In the National League the Dodgers have lost Erv Palica, their most promising pitcher, and may lose more from a staff that wasn't much good last year, though Preacher Roe, born in Ashflat, Ark. in 1918, seems good for every fourth or fifth day through the season.

We would like to make a postscript on the Boston Braves, not having listed them as one of the first four National League clubs. They are very close to first division class and, if the Phillies should be tapped en masse, they will be up. The Braves' three big pitchers, Warren Spahn, Johnny Sain and Vern Bickford, are veterans of the last war.

That's the way it is, but just remember if things start getting really black, pay attention to Branch Rickey and put your trust in senility.

EXIT THE MARINES!

The Seebee on Groucho Marx's Bet Your Life program told one on the Marines that should rankle for awhile. Overseas, in an area where beer was hard to obtain — for the Seebees, because there was only one joint where it was dispensed — the Marines always seemed to be off duty earlier and packed the place. One evening there was a disturbance outside. Presently two Seebees battled right through the doors into the emporium. One character held a grenade from which he was trying to pull the plug. The Marines hurried to the nearest exit.

When the MPs arrived there had been no explosion and the place was loaded with Seebees, the tables and bar crowded. The two contestants sat with arms around each other toasting the dud grenade before them on the table in buckets of foaming suds.

On this gravestone in St. Phillip's Cemetery, Charleston, is inscribed the story of America's first fact detective case recorded when the new republic was young.

Clue of the Bloody Button

An ancient tombstone tells a vivid story of America's first detective mystery.

By LUTHER LOCKE

MURDERERS' victims customarily wind up in cemeteries yet it is unusual for a dramatic account of the foul deed to be fully inscribed in marble at the place of burial. This is reserved for musty court records, newspapers and magazines with which the authors of mystery thrillers struggle to piece together their yarns.

In ancient St. Philips Epicopal churchyard, in Charleston, South Carolina, there is a gravestone, remarkably preserved for more than 180 years, upon which is chiseled the following:

"To the memory of Nicholas John Wightman who was killed by a footpad on the night of the 12th of March, 1788. Peaceably returning home to his brother's house where he resided the junto met and made an attempt to rob him which he resisted and was instantly shot dead on the spot. His brother with a small assistance the same night scoured the city for the murderer and his accomplices being the whole of a gang that then very much infested the peace of the city and by their frequent robberies and attempts to set fire to houses

kept the inhabitants in continual alarm. They were shortly after tried and upon fullest conviction condemned and executed. Divine providence ordained it so that a single button belonging to the coat of the murderer, found the next morning on the spot where the murder was committed, by a child, a son of Mr. Edgar Wells, merchant, served with other proof to discover and convict him. This marble is erected by an attentive brother and sister in memory of the virtues of their dead brother. He was mild and attractive in his manner. just, generous and humane. He loved with the purest affection. His soul rests at the mercy of the Creator."

Behind this terse description of the crime lies a dramatic story of one of the first recorded "whodonits" in American history. So let's go back to a balmy spring day in 1788.

Charleston was in a carnival mood. The trade winds, blowing fresh and steady from the east, had driven into port a dozen slavers at the end of their long voyages from the African coast. The Slave Market on Chalmers Street, emerging from months of lethargy when few human chattels were offered for sale, buzzed with activity as word of the traders' arrival at Governor's Bridge reached the planters in the Carolinas, Georgia and Virginia.

From early morning until dusk the clank of chains, as manacled, sullen blacks moved slowly, tortuously from the filthy holds of the wind-jammers through Meeting Street to Chalmers, the monotonous intoning of auctioneers, the crisp shouts of competing bidders and the racket created by the rabble awoke the sleepy old Colonial city to realization of its importance as the Southern metropolis in the new Republic.

If the days were feverish with excitement the nights were a bedlam, rampant with rowdyism and terror. Sailors and slave traders, flush with their profits after long weeks at sea, caroused in the dives along the wharfs. The gloomy thorougfares, lighted only by the yellow glow of whale-oil lamps shing dimly through greasy windows of public houses, were fertile territory for the bands of foot-pads infesting the waterfront.

On the night of March 12, 1788, Nicholas John Wightman, a well-to-do merchant of Charleston, started home around 12 o'clock after visiting a number of the Meeting Street taverns. Ordinarily Wightman did not frequent these places but being interested in buying foreign merchandise from the free-booters, he had looked up an old skipper of his acquaintance, Captain John Marston, and had spent the latter part of the evening with him in Lee's Tavern, a favorite rendezvous for traders and seafaring men. Among other adventures he had experienced since last visiting Charleston, Marston related a yarn of being robbed as he left his ship that night, by two thieves who held him up with a pistol.

When Wightman left around midnight, Captain Marston resumed his drinking without observing that two roughly dressed fellows followed his friend.

Ten minutes later a man burst into the tavern and announced that a stranger was lying in a pool of blood a short distance away.

Captain Marston, with others, went to the scene where they found Wightman, a bullet through his heart, his pockets empty.

The crime was reported to Captain William Davis at the City Guard House. Meanwhile,

having been notified of the slaying of his brother, Richard Wightman and the family physician, Dr. Charles Lynah, organized a posse and set out to round up known criminals and hang them all. Eventually Captain Davis prevailed upon the mob to disperse, promising swift retribution for the murder.

Captain Davis had undertaken something that by morning seemed like an impossible feat, but he had given his word. Moreover, the captain was an unusually efficient detective for his day, his gift of deduction being somewhat uncanny, his powers of observation leaving little to be desired.

He had experienced marked success in breaking up bands of thieves, blackmailers, who turned to arson and burned down city dwellings, business establishments and plantations as the penalty for refusal to pay tribute, and lesser of the lawless element who specialized in petty acts of tyranny. These criminals not only frequented some sections of the city but also extended their activities many miles throughout the Carolinas and Georgia, raiding rich plantations, murdering planters and stealing slaves being transported to and from the Charleston market. So, knowing some of these thugs and where they congregated, Davis set his police on their trails.

Meantime, he inspected the scene of the murder and the corpse. It was evident Wightman had been shot at close range for there were powder burns on his white shirt front. Near the dead man was a black button on the underside of which was a small piece of the fabric to which it had been sewn. This had been picked up by a boy, the son of a local merchant, who gave it to Davis the next morning.

Captain Marston, anxious to help avenge the murder of his friend, now told in more detail of his having been robbed. In the darkness he had been unable to see the thieves clearly. He had been relieved, he said, of the equivalent of five pounds Sterling in English, Dutch and Spanish gold and silver coins. During the evening, he related, Wightman had paid for his merchandise and he, in turn, had given change, one of the coins being a guilder, the face of which contained a deep scratch in the metal.

"Would you recognize that gold coin?" Davis asked.

"That I would, Captain," Marston replied.

Presently Davis returned to Lee's where he again questioned the proprietor.

Otto Lee said that early in the evening he had seen several of the Ed Stacey gang drinking, as well as a notorious woman by the name of Ann Connelley, who passed her charms around indiscriminately. At the moment she was the mistress of Edward Hatcher, another thief.

For a long time Captain Davis had been watching these unsavory characters but they had stayed out of serious trouble, thus avoiding arrest. Now, however, a respected merchant had been slain and he had promised action.

There was little doubt in Davis' mind that members of the Stacey or Hatcher gangs were responsible for the outrage. It seemed likely Wightman had attempted to defend himself. This bold resistance, foolish as it had been, might yet be the means of identifying the criminal.

Believing the best way to obtain information would be to send one of his men, unknown to the criminals and disguised as a sailor, to visit the Meeting Street

dives, Davis selected a strange member of the Guard House staff.

Late that afternoon the undercover agent appeared, first at Lee's and later at the Jones Hotel, a low crimp and brothel, where prostitutes and thieves lived.

Appearing to drink heavily the fellow eventually feigned sleeping at a table. Having flashed a supply of coins, he soon was joined by a woman who shook him roughly to awaken him from his stupor, and asked for rum.

The captain's man was a good actor. Presently he noticed the woman surreptitiously produce a small vial, concealing it in her hand. Certain it contained knockout drops he gave her the opportunity to empty it into his glass. A moment later he waved drunkenly at a stranger. What he had hoped for occurred. The woman turned to see who had come in. Thereupon the detective poured his drink on the floor and lifted the glass to his lips as though he just drained it.

"Who was that?" she inquired, smiling evilly as she noticed his rum had disappeared.

"Frien' o' mine from the Sally M," he muttered. A moment later his head dropped to the table. Concluding he was about to pass out, she whispered something in his ear. Seeming to revive momentarily, he leered at her as she led him away to a room in the rear of the place. Once there

he quickly collapsed on the floor.

Soon two men came in. The woman pointed to the prone figure. Speedily they rifled his pockets. She took all but a few pennies, the thieves grumbling in an ugly mood over the division of loot.

"Be thankful I give you anything, swine, after the way you bungled things last night," she snarled. "Toss the blighter out. I don't want him found here if he dies."

The woman then left. Her confederates remained talking in low voices. The detective recognized one as Stacey. He learned nothing from their conversation that referred to the murder of Wightman but the woman's remark made him wonder if the "bungled job" could have been that crime.

Presently one of the men looked at him closely. "E's still alive but no thanks to Annie and 'er poison. We better get 'im out o' 'ere afore 'e croaks on us," he said to his companion.

Together they dragged the detective through the rear door. Davis' man lay quietly in the gutter for what seemed hours to him. At last satisfied he was not being watched, he hurried back to the Guard House.

Nodding with satisfaction, Captain Davis went to the Jones Hotel where he found Ann Connelley, Stacey and Hatcher together at a table, the latter drunk. "Stand up, Hatcher!" he ordered.

The man obeyed, weaving back and forth on unsteady legs, while Davis looked him over. "You are under arrest, Hatcher. Come along. You, too," he added coldly, motioning to the woman and Stacey.

Ann Connelley, being sober, was questioned immediately. She denied knowing anything about the murder of Wightman. Nevertheless, she was charged with robbery for rolling the captain's detective. A member of the Guard was dispatched to the Jones Hotel to search her quarters.

Several hours later, when Hatcher was sober, he was brought to Captain Davis' office. Terrified, he whined that he had no part in the murder nor the robbery of the detective.

Davis let him talk. All the time the captain stared at the fellow's coat. Presently the prisoner took notice of the piercing gaze. Unconsciously, his hand came up to the place where once there had been a button. A tiny piece of fabric had been torn away when the button was lost.

"What makes your hand tremble so, Hatcher?" Davis asked.

"Jest the shakes from the grog, Cap," the fellow mumbled.

"Is it the rum or a guilty conscience?"

Hatcher smirked. "Whayda mean? I ain't done nothin'."

He shifted uneasily.

"Say, Cap, whatcha lookin' at?"

Removing something from his pocket, Davis motioned his prisoner closer.

When he was within reach, the captain produced a black button holding it alongside the others on the fellow's coat. "It seems to match, doesn't it?" said he.

The man stood speechless, livid with fear.

"The little piece of cloth on the back of it looks like that in your coat, too, doesn't it?"

There was a pause. "Do you know where I found it, Hatcher?"

After a moment the captain went on: "I'll tell you. It was beside the dead body of John Wightman. I wonder how it got there. Do *you* have any idea?"

In an attempt to save his

own neck at the expense of his confederates, Hatcher thereupon confessed that he and Bob Stacey murdered and robbed the merchant but he said Stacey fired the fatal shot. He charged Ann Connelley with engineering the crime. He said she supplied them with the gun and ammunition used in the slaying and took the loot for herself.

Meantime, the officer who had gone to search the woman's quarters, returned. Hidden in her room he had found three pistols and a supply of powder and bullets. Moreover, he held out a small chamoise bag from which Davis emptied a number of gold and silver coins. One was a guilder across the face of which was a deep cut.

A little later Captain Marston identified the Dutch coin as the one he had given Wightman.

Little was known of the science of ballistics in those days but Captain Davis demanded an autopsy and the slug that killed Wightman was recovered. It was made of the same material and had the same general appearance and weight as the unused bullets found in the woman's room.

Hatcher, now thoroughly cowed, implicated others in the gang. He named three more women; Rebecca Stacey, Kate Crowdery and Ann Jones, Andrew Keating, John George, Josiah Jordan and Thomas Smith as members of the murderous crew.

A few days later a coroner's jury charged Edward Stacey, Josiah Jordan, Thomas Smith, John George, Edward Hatcher and Ann Connelley with murder. The three other women and Keating, who proved they were not members of the Stacey gang, were freed.

The five men and one woman were brought to trial on June 8th, 1788, before Judge Aedanus Burke and a jury. It was a stifling Saturday. The court room was packed with sweating spectators. The accused prisoners were defended by Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, personal friend of George Washington, patriot, a signer of the newly adopted constitution of the United States and later minister to the French Republic, where he made the statement that has survived to this day: "Millions for defense but not one damn penny for tribute."

When the evidence was in, despite an impassioned plea by Pinckney for mercy, the jury found the six guilty as charged and recommended that they be hanged.

They were immediately sentenced to the gallows by Judge Burke who commented that he regretted he could not set the date of execution for the following day, but, it being Sunday, and having scruples against such public exhibitions on the sabbath, the hangings would have to be postponed until the following Wednesday as he had other business on Monday and Tuesday. It was the custom in those days that the presiding judge be a witness at the execution of those he condemned to die.

When the day of reckoning came, all Charleston and hundreds from the surrounding countryside crowded the common outside the jail to witness the spectacle. Jordan, Smith, George and the woman walked to the gibbet without assistance but Stacey and Hatcher quaked in terror and collapsed when they saw the gallows. Then, one by one the six murderers dropped through the trap.

The slaying of John Wightman had been avenged with typical and speedy colonial justice.

My Life with the Big Bears

The author with the 1600-pound Alaska brown bear he killed

Alaska Browns, Largest of All Carnivorous Animals, Can Be Dangerous or Amusing As the Fancy Strikes Them

By HAROLD McCRACKEN

DID you ever wake up suddenly to find that a terrible nightmare had turned into reality? You'll know what I mean, if it was a big hairy one, weighing about twelve hundred pounds, with a massive head, little beady black eyes and yellow teeth about the size of garden carrots, and curved claws fully eight inches long. This is no exaggeration of my abrupt awaking out of a fitful slumber to stare up into the face of one of the largest grizzly bears on earth. He had stalked through the tall wet grass to within eight feet of where I lay; and if ever a giant bear had a made-to-order chance to have a human for breakfast, it was then and there.

I'll come back to that experience and what happened in the brief time following the nerve-tingling transition from subconscious fantasy to stark reality but it should first be explained why I spent an entire season getting myself involved in this and numerous other uncomfortable situations with the big bears in remote areas of the Bering Sea coast off the Alaska Peninsula.

Bears had been a sort of hobby of mine since I was eight years old and had my first experience with them while living on a ranch in Idaho. As a teenager I hunted them with Cree Indians in British Columbia — the best hunters I ever knew. But I did not really become interested in bears until after I had killed about half a dozen Alaska Browns. My experience in the big bear country of the Alaska Peninsula began as a professional hunter, collecting specimens for a mid-western museum. That was in 1916, when there were plenty of these animals on the Peninsula. When I started I knew the Alaska Brown Bear was the largest of all our present day carnivorous creatures; that

they belonged to the grizzly family and were supposed to be very dangerous; that they ate fish. That sums up the information I had gained about these animals from all the reading I had done on the subject. Oh, yes, I also had a book which referred to them as *Ursus middendorffi* and *U. quyas,* and gave some pedantic data on their skull measurements in scholarly sounding phrases.

When I killed a bear, during that first two years of collecting in Alaska, I energetically cut away the flesh from its skull to carefully measure it, this way and that. Maybe I might discover a new variety to which my Latinized name could be appended for all time to come! That had been the height of my ambition as a bear hunter. Immortality as a naturalist! As I went about killing bears and measuring their skulls, however, I made a different sort of discovery.

I found that each bear had a brain so nearly like the human brain that it started me thinking. I knew Nature did not put a brain in the skull of a bear just to fill up an empty cavity. Nature is far too hard-boiled a realist for any such sloppy workmanship. There is no doubt about the realistic purpose for which Nature put fangs and poison in the mouth of a rattlesnake. The same applies to the brains, heart, kidneys, stomach, genitals and all the other organs of the body which are quite similar in appearance and purpose, not only in bears and man, but the other vertibrate animals as well. So are their skeletons.

If all this physical makeup which Nature has so painstakingly evolved in animals is so like that in man, I argued with myself, maybe I had been overlooking the most interesting part of the whole subject; and I began looking upon bears and other wild creatures with a different pair of eyes. Maybe I could find something more important than their gyzomatic breadth.

There were also some other questions to which I did not believe we had the right slant or answers. Much has been written and said about the ferociousness of the American grizzly bears and whether or not they will make an unprovoked attack upon a human being. From my own experience up to that time I already had come to the conclusion it would be just as sensible to argue whether or not a human will make an unprovoked attack upon a grizzly bear. In all these arguments about bears, I felt that the one factor which probably had the greatest bearing on the problem had been given little or no consideration. We were inclined to take for granted that all grizzlies are as much alike as mechanical toys, which go through a routine each time they are wound up. I was satisfied there was as much difference in bears as there is among humans; that man does not have any sacrosanct monopoly on personality, temperament or intelligence; that there was much else to be learned about our not-so-distant relatives whom we conceited mortals prefer to look down upon as wild animals.

The only way to really find out about these things, I decided, was to go out into the bear country and live right among them for a year and make a sort of human guinea-pig of myself for the purpose. I had the privilege of realizing this desire before the big influx of sportsmen-hunters or our World War II fighter pilots had killed off so many of these animals in target

practice. I crossed the snow-bound Alaska Range of mountains by dog team in February, from the Pacific to the Bering Sea coast, so as to be on the spot when the first of the hibernators came out of their dens in the spring. I stayed in the bear country until snow came again in the fall. During most of that memorable trip I had but one companion, Andy Simons, the famous Alaskan guide. We established a small base camp deep in the heart of the best area, from which we made trips in various directions, spending as much as a week without tent or blanket. We adapted our lives to the habits of the bears, generally sleeping in midday and keeping active during most of the night. We carried guns only for protection in case of an emergency, which never materialized. According to my diary, carefully kept throughout that trip, I observed a total of 196 different individuals of these largest of all bears. Today such an experience would be impossible. Probably no person has had a better opportunity to study these wonderful creatures in their own uninhibited pursuit of life, liberty and catching salmon. Now, in retrospect, the glamour and the excitement have considerably dimmed, and the incidents come into much clearer focus than they did at the time.

That nightmare, for example, was little more than a narrow escape at the time. On our trips out from the base camp we used a collapsible canvas canoe, which served as a shelter on rainy nights as well as for transportation along the salmon streams where the bears were feeding. We carried or dragged it from one stream to another. We never bothered with a sleeping bag, just my heavy movie outfit, guns, a minimum of grub and a small piece of canvas.

Evening overtook us in a cold rain and low hanging heavy clouds. There were lots of bear signs so we carried the canoe and other equipment back into the tall grass to make a bivouac. We carefully washed out our tracks as we retreated from the water's edge and after camouflaging the overturned canoe with grass, we crawled inside to try and get a little sleep. Andy was crowded into one end and I in the other. We had the piece of canvas wrapped around us. We were wet, cold, and several days of unbroken bad weather had soured our dispositions. Cold feet in clammy rubber boots and the many other discomforts had put me into a wretched state of uneasy slumber, in which I was dreaming all sorts of fantastic adventures with the big bears which I knew were prowling around through the drizzling rain and the darkness. It was about the most miserable night I ever spent on the tundra. Repeatedly I opened my eyes in half consciousness; wracked by the nightmare of bears — bears — bears. Then something seemed desperately urging me into full consciousness and I began to realize that I was gazing up right into the face of a very large bear. His massive head and shoulders loomed over me in startling reality. Without knowing why, I let out an uncontrolled wild yell and suddenly began struggling desperately to disentangle myself from the canvas that was wrapped tightly around both Andy and myself. I upset the canoe and kicked Andy violently in the stomach. The two of us almost tore the little boat apart getting out of there. Once on our feet, we saw a very

The "Murphy Family" caught in the alders by McCracken's camera

large bear making what is probably the most rapid and undignified retreat ever engaged in by any such animal. He plowed through the tall wet grass like an Army tank driven by jet propulsion. Leaping off the bank of the stream he hit the water with a great splash, bounded up the bank and continued straight across country without diminishing speed. Now fully awake, we stood in the drizzling rain and watched him until he got so far away that I dug out my binoculars to follow his retreat. He didn't just go into the alders, as bears generally did. This fellow was apparently determined to reach some other part of the Alaska Peninsula as quickly as it was physically possible for him to do so. He was still going strong as far as I could see him. Then Andy and I began to laugh.

From his tracks through the grass we found that he had been walking along the bank of the stream, and, seeing the strange hump made by our camouflaged canoe he had decided to investigate. The rain had washed out our scent; the wind was no help to him; he had no idea there were humans in his territory. At times he stood up on his hind legs, walking back and forth, suspicious but full of curiosity. Finally he had ventured to within about eight feet, where he could look down over the grass where we lay. My nightmare probably was prompted by some premonition of the bear's presence. It is still a question, however, which of us was the most severely scared by the incident. As for Andy and me, we had a

"Mrs. Murphy" and little "Apron Strings" alerted by human scent

cold breakfast, after which we put the canoe in the stream and continued our travels.

Some of the bears we saw so often that we gave them nicknames which best fitted their appearance or personal characteristics. Among these were "Jesse James," "Grandpa," "The Three Musketeers" and "Cotton Top."

After we had been living in the bear country for a short time, we found it increasingly easy to get close to them. Wild animals seem to have some peculiar means of sensing the attitude of humans and other wild creatures with which they come in contact. This is particularly true of dogs, horses and other domestic animals. My personal experience also includes weasels, mink, fox, mountain sheep, deer, moose, seal and a variety of small game and birds. Sometimes, when the bears saw us, they would keep right on catching salmon. On several occasions they ambled slowly toward us, as if to get a closer view. Nothing like that ever happened when I was hunting them with a gun. One big fellow left his fishing and came to within about forty feet to stand up on his hind legs and gaze curiously at me while I made movies of him. His attitude was as friendly as a family cow. Surely he must have had some very definite understanding of the situation. Generally, however, they took to their heels when we got too close and although they frequently crossed our tracks and found the blinds in which we hid to make pictures of them, they rarely, to my knowledge, completely

moved out of the section or materially changed their daily routine because of us.

They were always much bolder in the dark than in daylight. They depended far more on their sense of smell than on their eyesight or hearing, to tell them what was going on. Several times we watched through our binoculars as they came to our tracks across the soft, mossy carpet of the tundra. It was always with the same result. The instant they caught the first scent of our tracks they would stop short and stand motionlessly sniffing the air. Then they would slowly move forward to sniff critically at where we had stepped, move along the tracks a few steps to determine in which direction we had been traveling, after which they would stand up on their hind legs, with their big snouts swinging back and forth, always in the direction in which we had gone. Then they would go lopping off away from us.

The nose of a human is not nearly as intelligent as that of a bear. When a person smells smoke he is never quite certain there is fire until he sees it. I have seen the same sort of situation in reverse, in the case of a bear. Andy and I were returning to our camp one evening when we met a big bear on the bank of a stream we were following. It was late. We carried heavy packs and were very tired. To make matters worse it was raining and we could take no pictures.

"To hell with him," I said. "He'll run before we get very close." And we kept right on.

But Mr. Bear was eating a freshly caught salmon which he apparently did not feel disposed to leave. He saw us all right. Closer and closer we approached. Andy yelled at him and waved his hat. He just stopped eating and gazed at us disdainfully. Still we continued, feeling certain he would soon run. Instead the hair went up on his back. We stopped less than twenty-five yards away. Both of us had our rifles ready, although we did not want to shoot him. There is one fundamental rule among experienced hunters of these big bears. Never let one of them get closer than you can have time to put at least three shots from a heavy gun into him. And it is amazing how rapidly they can travel. We did not dare go any closer to this fellow. Here was a chance for proving whether or not a grizzly might make an unprovoked attack.

I have observed several instances of this sort in which bears have made sudden charges to chase others of their own kind away from food or good fishing spots and I know of incidents in which they have done the same thing to humans, particularly when the man's approach comes without warning. It also is an established fact that they are not entirely averse to making a meal of human flesh. I know of a Swede trapper who was drowned and left on the beach by his partner who went to the nearest village to get help. They returned to the scene to find that a large bear had dragged the body off into the alders, where it had been partly devoured. One thinks of this sort of thing when face to face with a big bear who shows unmistakable signs of charging.

Then Andy got an idea. He began walking in a circle around the bear to a point where the cross wind would carry his scent to the animal. The bear watched Andy and I watched the bear, ready and expecting anything to

happen. The instant he got the first whiff of human scent that old bruin almost fell over backward in his haste to get to some other part of the country in the least possible time. Nor was this the only occasion when bears showed considerable indifference to our presence, until they got our scent. With them it was simply a case of seeing smoke but not being particularly concerned until they smelled the fire!

There was another related incident, which I still cannot fathom to my own complete satisfaction. It happened in a pretty little valley which we called "The Nursery," because it was the permanent residence of two families of bears whom we got to know very well. One was a family of three cubs which we called "The O'Flahertys." The other of two cubs was "The Murphys." We gave them good old fashioned Irish names because the two groups of cubs always were having gang fights whenever they got together. We came to know The Murphys best and we named the cubs "Little Roughneck" and "Apron Strings."

The first afternoon we went into The Nursery we saw the mother and three cubs meandering down the grassy valley through the alder patches along the salmon stream. Hurriedly we constructed a blind in which I set up my movie camera. Then we waited for them to come close enough to get pictures. We watched them through binoculars for probably half an hour, when Andy suddenly whispered: "Look over there!"

About seventy yards to our right was another she bear and her two cubs, our first glimpse of The Murphys. The Old Lady had brought her youngsters out of the alders and was ambling leisurely down the grassy hill-

Roughneck starts salmon fishing

Keen eyes, fast paw do the trick

It's a choice morsel for dinner

side almost straight toward us.

The mother lay down in the warm sunshine, stretching out full length on her back and the cubs proceeded to have afternoon tea. We awaited further developments, quite certain that when they moved on down to the stream to catch salmon they would pass right in front of us.

After feeding for a while, the cub whom we later had good reason to name Little Roughneck left his mother and started wandering away to see what new and interesting things he might find.

"If that cub keeps on, he's going to get our scent on this cross breeze," whispered Andy. But we could neither change the direction of the wind nor the position of our blind. Then Andy added: "I wonder what that little fellow will do when he gets his first scent of a human?"

There was no doubt whatever about that young cub never having had contact with any human or even their scent. We were in a section of the country where there had probably not been a native or white man in a good many years. On the other hand, man was the one and only thing in all the lives of these bears for which any of them had the slightest fear. Could it be possible this little cub would recognize the scent of man without any previous experience? If so, what would he do?

Andy and I discussed these things as Little Roughneck moved moved closer and closer to where the steady breeze was certain to carry our scent to him.

All of a sudden the little fellow swung about as though he had been slapped in the rump with a paddle. He reared upright on his hind legs, his snout swaying back and forth in our direction for a few seconds. Then dropping down on all fours he started racing back toward his mother as though a devil was after him. There was no doubt in his young mind regarding the situation. He knew there was a human being close at hand; for a human is the one and only thing from which any bear will condescend to make such an undignified retreat. The fact that this cub had not had any previous contact with the scent of man, made not the slightest difference.

There was something else about this incident which also is significant. At the time, the Old Lady was laying on her back with all four legs in the air and the other cub was lying beside her, nursing. They were well out of range of our scent. But as the cub started his race back to them, they both jumped up and reared onto their hind legs to sniff and stare about. Somehow Little Roughneck had conveyed to them the information there were humans near by. They lost no time racing away into the alders.

What is the real truth behind this incident? I would like to think that before this little family of bears left the home den to go out into the big world, their mother had literally gathered them close to her and told her babies bedtime stories about that one arch-enemy which they always must fear and run like hell whenever he was encountered; that she had told them about man in a way that was sufficiently understandable for them to recognize this one enemy beyond doubt on first contact.

There was another time when we hid ourselves in a blind during mid-day and waited for the bears to come down from their day beds in the alders to fish in a stream. The first bear that came down, however, swung farther out to leeward than we had anticipated, and getting our

scent, he hurried back to the alders several hundred yards beyond the place where he had come out. There he stopped, as if undecided as to whether he should get out of sight or return to the fishing. Soon another bear came out, directly across from us but instead of coming directly down to the stream, this second one remained close to the edge of the alders, seeming to realize that all was not as it should be. Did he have some way of understanding that the first bear had encountered human beings? Nothing else would keep either of them from the salmon supper which awaited such a short distance away. Soon a third and a fourth bear made their appearance at the edge of the alders with exactly the same result. There were others we did not see. None of them came down to fish until dusk. Before we left that evening we saw ten of the animals. They all were apparently aware of what had happened to the first one. With the approach of darkness, however, they all gained courage and came down to their fishing. We were so fascinated watching them that we stayed in our blind until it became difficult to see them. They were all around us and some came uncomfortably close. There is no doubt but that some got our scent, although none ran away. Finally it got a little too exciting for us and we left, literally chased out by the boldness of the bears.

It was at this same place that Andy and I lay in the rain on a nearby knoll and watched twelve Alaska Brown Bears come out of the alders within an hour. They were all big fellows; all fishing in a short section of the stream, in sight at the same time; all within rifle range. It was one of the greatest sights I ever experienced in the wilds. But what impressed us most was the personality and temperament these bears displayed toward one another. As they met, coming down to the stream or during their fishing, it was evident that some were friends and some were not. As one bear ambled along he might circle out around the first one he met, keeping that fellow at a respectful distance. The next one he met would move aside to let him pass; while the third meeting resulted in a friendly touching of noses. It became obvious as to who liked whom and who had a healthy respect or disdain for whom. Here certainly was personality and temperament being displayed under natural circumstances. If there was a bear in that bunch who would have been most apt to make an unprovoked attack upon a human being, I feel certain we could have picked him out just from watching them.

With all the display of individuality and temperament, however, I was particularly impressed by how little pugnacity I saw among them. In all my experience I have not seen a real fight among these bears, even during the mating season. I have watched as many as four big males endeavoring to pay court to a single female. There was a lot of boasting and swearing among the gentlemen but no real fighting. The bears do have such fights, I know. An Aleut hunter told me about watching two big brownies literally tear each other to pieces. He shot the winner as he was staggering away from the scene of his victory. But fights among these powerful creatures are infrequent.

During three rather lengthy sojourns which I have spent in the big bear country of the

Alaska Peninsula, I have observed no less than 280 of these largest of grizzlies. Quite a few of them were watched sufficiently to get me pretty well acquainted with them. I have taken part in the shooting of twenty-five of these big bears, thirteen of them my own and I acted as guide when twelve were shot. Two were females with young. Yet I have seen but one of these bears charge the hunter even after being wounded. Of course, most of them really didn't have a chance. They will charge, I know, but I am convinced that if there is a chance to escape, they are too smart not to take it. Then, too, there are those individuals among them, just as with humans, who will plunge into a fight on the slightest provocation. These can be extremely dangerous. I will never forget that one charge I faced and it gave me a lasting respect for these grand creatures.

The only bear that ever charged me was the largest one I ever saw. It took four of us to stop him and we were all using heavy rifles. I started out to get him alone, as I had all of my previous bears. He was up on the side of a small volcano where I could get no closer than about 175 yards. At the first shot he started away; a second shot hit him in the rump and brought him about. At the third hit he came charging down the mountainside where I stood a short distance in front of my companions, two Aleut half-breed trappers and a fur trader with whom I spent the winter traveling about on his little trading schooner. When I had emptied my rifle without any signs of stopping this monster I yelled for assistance and the others opened fire while I was hastily reloading. He was stopped about twenty yards away, far too close for comfort. Twelve of the shots hit him. We estimated his weight at 1600 pounds. The hide measured eleven feet four inches in length and ten feet six inches spread from claw to claw. It is one of the largest bears ever killed. Fortunately I was not alone when I tangled with him.

All of the experience I have had with these largest and most powerful of all our present day carnivorous creatures, has given me a healthy respect and admiration for them as well as the deep conviction that they have much more amiable dispositions and are far more intelligent than we are inclined to give them credit for being. Like the old-time Indian, the buffalo and the vast primeval wilderness, they are surely doomed to oblivion by the steady march of the white man's conquest of civilization. How unfortunate it will be when that time comes.

Hard to Please

MAN hasn't changed much during the last 2,000 years. Listen to old Epictetus, the ancient Roman stoic philosopher: "When a man dies young he blames the gods. When he is old and does not die, he blames the gods because he suffers when he ought to have already ceased from suffering. And, nevertheless, when death approaches, he wishes to live, and sends to the physician and entreats him to omit no care or trouble. Wonderful are men, who are neither willing to live nor to die."

LOONEY LAWS

By DICK HYMAN

A FEDERAL law requires that President Harry Truman's salary check be written by hand.

You may listen but there is a Federal law against disclosing any personal information you may pick up on a shortwave radio broadcast.

It is illegal under Federal law for a pullman porter to brush off the clothing of a passenger on a car of a train in interstate traffic.

A Boston ordinance states that no one shall carry any "dangerous weapon upon the public highway except for the purpose of killing a noxious animal or a police officer in the discharge of his duty."

In North Carolina the law states, quoting Mordecai; "Not drunk is he who from the floor can rise again to drink once more. But drunk is he who prostrate lies and cannot either drink or rise."

Sissy stuff! A St. Louis ordinance makes it illegal to drink spiritous liquors from containers larger than a half-pint.

If the law is obeyed, the University of Arizona should be an annual Bowl contestant. The statute states: "It shall be unlawful for any visiting football team or player to carry, convey, tote, kick, throw, pass or otherwise transport or propel any inflated pigskin across the University of Arizona goal line or score a safety within the confines of the city of Tucson, Arizona.

In Los Angeles, California, you can grow as tall as you wish. The law says so.

Also, in California, you must have a hunting license to set a trap for a mouse.

A Georgia law says a wife may be granted a divorce if her husband is in the military service of the United States.

Ain't education wonderful? A New Mexico law says a school teacher must be able to read and write English..

A Kansas law says: "When two train approach each other at a crossing, they shall both come to a full stop, and neither shall start up until the other has gone."

Watch your step, men! In Maryland it's the law that six visits to the home of a girl is the equivalent of a proposal of marriage.

Do you play the horses?
Think you're a handicapper?
Here's a sure-fire way to have fun
at the track, win or lose.

By WALTER LIVINGSTON

I HAVE a system for beating the horses.

I will not say that I have followed the horses all over the United States seeking this system, but I sure have watched them run all over the U. S., in New England, New York, Florida, California, New Orleans, Chicago, Seattle, the half-mile at Spokane. Nice name for a track, eh? — Playfair.

But you're not interested in names. You're interested in that green stuff and I'm the boy can tell you all about it. It is obvious at the outset that, unlike the Arthur Murrays, no one learns to beat the horses in one easy lesson. I've got a boot out of the races and the racers for fifteen years. I've loved horse racing ever since my first visit to a track which is as vividly scorched in my mind and purse book as last Saturday's handicap.

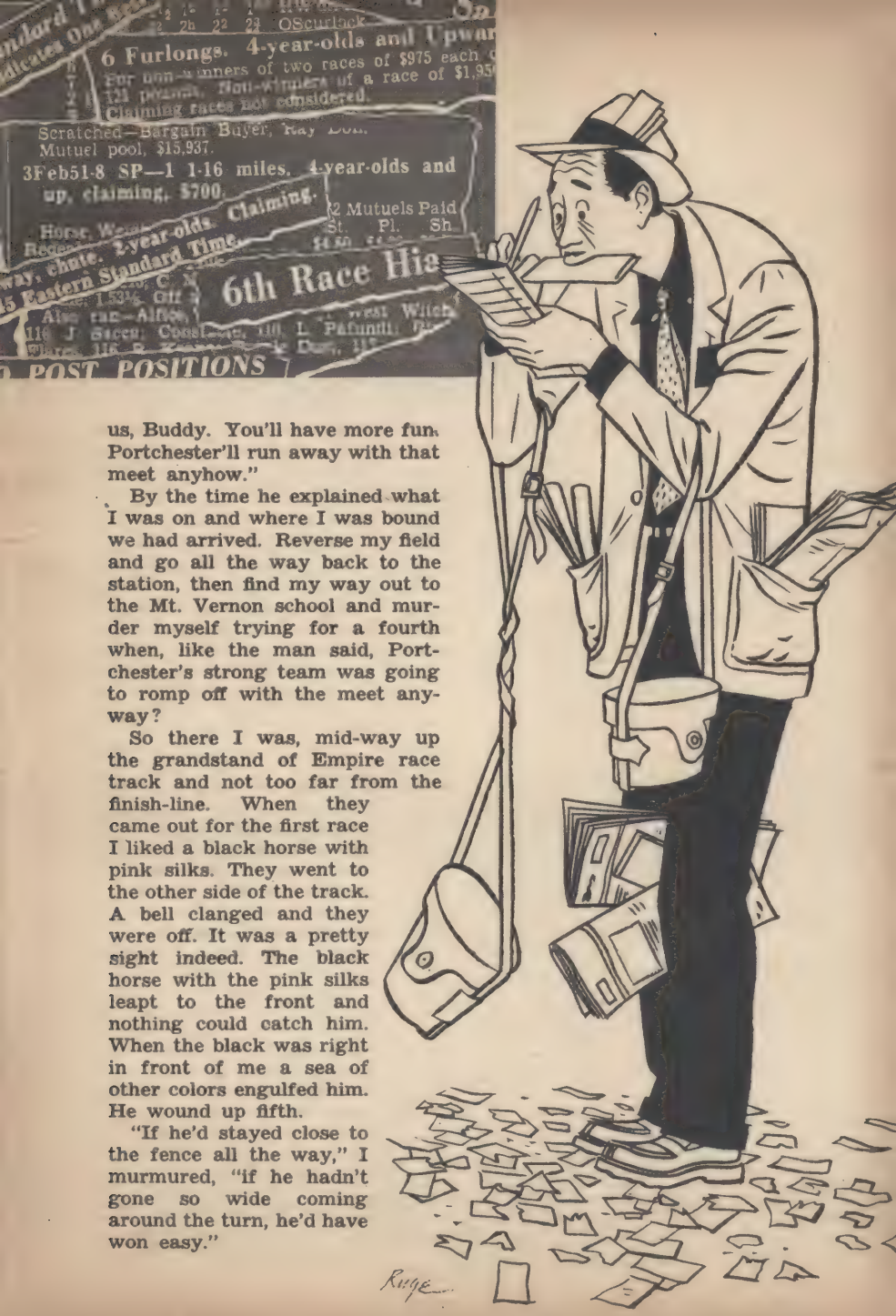
When I attended school in Westchester, New York, I was a kind of a sprinter, sometimes picking up a point for fourth if only five answered the starter's gun. There was a county meet scheduled for a Saturday in Mt. Vernon and our coach told us to meet at the field at such and such a time. From my home I took a train, got off at Mt. Vernon and there was a bus that said TRACK. Real nice of the host school, I thought, as I got on.

The interior of the packed bus was blue with cigar and cigarette smoke and the occupants, strange looking schoolboys indeed, were reading newspapers. I caught a look at one of the headlines: *Six to Oppose Seabiscuit in Empire Feature.* I asked the driver to let me out.

"Can't do it, Buddy. Against orders," he said cheerily. "Something wrong?"

"Wrong? Suppose my school loses the county track and field championships by one point?"

He shook his head. "Stick with



us, Buddy. You'll have more fun. Portchester'll run away with that meet anyhow."

By the time he explained what I was on and where I was bound we had arrived. Reverse my field and go all the way back to the station, then find my way out to the Mt. Vernon school and murder myself trying for a fourth when, like the man said, Portchester's strong team was going to romp off with the meet anyway?

So there I was, mid-way up the grandstand of Empire race track and not too far from the finish-line. When they came out for the first race I liked a black horse with pink silks. They went to the other side of the track. A bell clanged and they were off. It was a pretty sight indeed. The black horse with the pink silks leapt to the front and nothing could catch him. When the black was right in front of me a sea of other colors engulfed him. He wound up fifth.

"If he'd stayed close to the fence all the way," I murmured, "if he hadn't gone so wide coming around the turn, he'd have won easy."

I will not belabor you further with the distressing events of that afternoon. I resigned forever from the school team. I arrived home minus half the monthly allowance I'd been tendered that a.m. by a fond parent, and I'd never had a better time in my life. Naturally there remained a determination to get back what I'd lost.

Now I wish to make it clear at once that while this improver of the breed has tried many systems for beating the gee-gees, until hitting upon his present successful method he never has made a profession of playing the horses, except for one very short period which we'll cover in this chronicle. He's played with a book not over a dozen times for one simple reason, there's no fun in it that way.

The oatburners are a Saturday, holiday - afternoon recreational outlet. However, what's wrong with combining recreational outlet and financial intake simultaneously, if you can do it?

It was not too long after the day Portchester won the meet going away that I found a system. There was a certain New York selector who was tabbing them just fine in Florida. After much cogitation I reached the conclusion that if this expert's top selections were played as far back as possible to obtain even money, as far back as show preferably, and you kept doubling, how conuld you lose? I realized I would need more of a stake than I had, so that first winter after graduating from school I went to work and saved my money. I watched the newspapers everyday, morning for the selections and evening for the results. There were a few rough spots but that winter, starting each day with a fin bet, I won over a thousand dollars on paper. I was ready for them when they came north. I had a horse roll saved up of a little over a hundred.

That spring I went to the track whenever I could. The little stake grew slowly but surely right into the Belmont meet until it was slightly over $200.

It was a lovely Saturday, with a big crowd, and big fields going in every race. I came into the last canter with sixty bucks remaining of the $100 plus winnings. This of course was the test spot. Was I scared? Nervous? Vacillating? I sure was.

But the system's gotta stand up, I reassured myself. It stood up all winter, didn't it? I won over a grand, didn't I?

I played the sixty like I should, in the place hole, I remember, in a mile and a half marathon. If the system holds up I'm well again. I am standing all alone, as you can understand, not another soul in the park, when they leave the barrier. My nag is dreaming of a white Christmas or something when the gong clangs. By the time the jock gets him straightened away and running the field is ten in front. Am I glad this is a long, long race. Plenty of time to catch up. They are in the back stretch and there is not so much time. The field moves toward the stretch turn and now the jock is beating me for all he is worth. We close in and begin to pick up horses and I am encouraged. On we come into the stretch still picking them up. Only trouble is there are so many of them. Three too many. My sixty dollars finishes fourth.

I did not stop going to the races but I did not try another system for about three years. By that time I was much smarter. Smart enough to make my own selections. Like this. I would

take the heaviest weighted and lowest weighted animal in each race, playing the higher-priced $2 to win and $2 show, the lower priced $4 place.

There is good theory for this kind of a system, particularly in distance races, for generally speaking the horse carrying the most weight in a race is considered superior to the others and the steed carrying the feather is a little mint if he gets into the money. The place wager, you see, is covering the long-shot possibility. A smart stable will maneuver for weight off, find the right spot, and boom!

I did fine playing this way the two-week vacation I spent in Massachusetts. There was, in fact, one day at Narragansett when three light-weighted ones came home at interesting prices. *Now* I knew I had them. This was it.

I spent a number of pleasant Saturday afternoons indeed that summer. I was thinking about buying a rubber band for my horse roll when I induced a doctor friend and my brother, Bob, to drive up to Saratoga Springs with me. It would be good for their health, I told them. It would cost them nothing. My system would take care of that.

We used Doc Preece's gasoline credit card to get home. The trouble was, there was no long-shot, lightweight in the feature, a four-horse sprint. Whopper was high weight and odds-on. The three other nags, carrying 116 pounds each were all low in price, ranging between 7-2 and 8-5. Too risky taking a chance to get out on these, we decided. Let's put all we have on the 1-2 stickout to get even. The other nags were much smaller than Whopper and I guess this gave him an inferiority complex or something. I don't know. I do know we put all we had on him, as the system demanded, at 1-2 to get back what we'd lost. Ha! The three others went to the front and laughed back at Whopper all the way. He finally beat one horse but a lot of good that did us!

Those first two systems I checked off to experience when I found the real thing. I don't know why I didn't realize a lot sooner that the only sure way to win is to pick six or eight horses that are rounding into shape and stay with them. Keep doubling your bet on each. When a horse wins, drop him and place another on your list that has reached condition. Naturally, you gotta have guts to play this system. You gotta be a stayer. Some nights you don't sleep so good. This is because you are worrying about the care being given your little brown, bay, black and grey moneymakers. It is most important that they sleep good.

When I balanced my books at the end of that season my roll and I were both down to a feather. I'd lost enough weight to ride one of those nags myself. One flyer who owed me vanished completely in mid-season. Then when I was looking the other way one weekday he ran at an obscure county track and won by daylight.

The way I latched on to my next system was like this: I was in Hollywood just before the war, working around the fringes of the movie business. A nice guy named Mason who lived in a quiet little house not far from my roost liked to play tennis and so did I. He invited me to Coldwater Canyon. My tennis in those pre-war days was pretty good club, which to you plungers means better than average. The doors were down. I made a

fourth (a very bad fourth indeed in such company) with Alice Marble, Teach Tennant and a man pro.

Of course we went to the races. You know how it is in a group, particularly when there are gals along. Some will ask others "please get my ticket." The band leader — I don't think I should use his name — didn't once leave his seat to make a bet. He just sat there casually chatting, having a drink now and then and watched the tote board. Some races he wouldn't bet at all. When he did, it would be in the last two or three minutes. He'd just put money into someone's mitt and ask, "please bet for me." He'd bet the favorite always.

It was the feature race. I was trying to make up my mind what to go to (being between systems at the time) when he asked me to make his bet for him when I went to make mine. "The entry, please, to show," and he handed me the dough. What is this, I wondered as I went toward the windows? The entry is even money to win and he wants it to show! There were twenty $100 bills. I thought, pushing the two grand through the show window, if he likes them this much, I can like them for $50. So I bought myself a $50 ticket to show.

The race was a laugh, one of the entry winning by four lengths, the other missing the third slot by a quarter of a length. The price on the favorite to show was $2.60. I collected $2,600 for my friend and $65 for myself. How easy, how sure!

"If that other part of the entry had made third," the band leader said "we'd have beat the price another two notches."

We talked about it a little more over a drink and he explained he played only form races, only favorites for show. "I've taken 'em for about seven G's so far this meet," he concluded.

This was for me! Where had I been all my racing life? Of course, no one could bet every race and hope to win, except by outright luck. The mathematical odds were against you. Anyone could see that. Even me, now. Spot your bets. Play only once or twice — three at the most — a day. Play in a lump sum what you'd ordinarily play in twos and fours throughout the card. Sit back, relax, go to the window, collect. Play big money and accept small but sure profits. Just like being a banker, only better.

It was about this time that the war was closing in. The movie company I worked for threw in the sponge. Well, I told myself, I'd never played the horses professionally. This was my chance. I'd stay out here in sunny California for "the season," double my bank account and go east to visit the family.

After Bob wired me the fare and I was headed eastward via bus, I could reflect upon the failure of the Banker system.

No matter how hard I tried, no matter how steel-willed I promised myself I'd be, when I got out to the track I couldn't resist playing every race.

If you've never tried it and have always wanted to, believe me going out to the races every day can be the dullest business in the world. The mornings are too long, waiting to go out, and once there the fact that you can be there again tomorrow and the next day makes it monotonous. The thrill is gone, the enjoyment disappears. It's not a vacation then. It's just another Tuesday or Wednesday or Thursday. And if you think you can

go out there every day and maybe get through half the card waiting for a spot to make a $50 bet, maybe you could. I couldn't. I like horses too well, have liked them ever since the two summers spent as a kid at my uncle's in Lexington, Kentucky. I see no point in going to the races to sit out under the trees behind the grandstand or stand down at the finish line waiting for a number to flash by. I want a seat when I go to the track from which I can watch every race from the moment they come on track to the leading of the winner into the winner's circle.

But I'm running sorta wide here in the stretch, eh? Let's straighten out. There was another system I tried that I must tell you about. I'll call it the half-mile system. I was in Spokane, Washington, at the end of the war when a nice little track named Playfair opened and invited military personnel in for free. I'd been on furloughs to New Orleans and to Seattle without benefit of system.

At Playfair I hit upon a good one. This was a half-mile track. It seemed that whatever horse captured the lead and the rail invariably finished in the money. There was no tote board but a pretty fair approximate of what a nag would pay was hung up on a board in the infield. The track was so small and the turns so sharp that not more than eight horses were allowed to a race. After a couple of times at Playfair and after checking the results in the Spokesman-Review each day I saw that post position No. 1 was in the money about a hundred percent more often than all the rest.

It was time to stop playing fair with Playfair.

I won $12 the first time out using the system. Next two times I played unfair with Playfair to the tune of $25 and $18. The next time I went out it came up mud thick and sloppy. Now any race enthusiast knows that the No. 1 slot is the worst possible on a muddy track because the goo is deper there. In slop a race, once the field gets straightened away, is run well out from the rail. The rail horse must either fight his way through the heaviest going and take the track or bide his time to come around the field, if he cannot find a hole, when the stretch looms.

Now what do I do? Stick with my system, the rail, or stab? Take the No. 3 horse each time. He's close to the rail but, unlike the No. 1 and 2 horses, not in it? "Look, you," I finally tell myself, "you been going to races for enough years now to know those rail horses will die today. You take it easy, have a nice day stabbing, try to find one long one and pick up your system next time on a dry track."

The rail horses' prices are lower than ever as they proceed to finish in the money five out of seven races. One long shot wins but not mine. And why have these No. 1 horses done so well? I learn later talking to the natives and some of the newspaper boys on The Review that almost all the oat-burners barned here at this period of history are broken-down animals, mostly suffering from sore legs. And to a horse with sore legs mud is fine.

Once you miss a big day by not sticking to your system, you're psychologically whipped. I was deliberating upon going back to Playfair for another shot at them when I was unceremoniously transferred to Portland, Oregon. Soon thereafter the war was over. I cannot say for sure, therefore, whether the

system would have worked or not. It did not work for me because I was too smart. My friend Rik who remained in Spokane to make it secure, in my absence, from Jap invasion, wrote me that he'd given up on the rail horse system too because there was one afternoon he got murdered.

There've been other systems in addition to those recorded here but space doesn't permit a full confession. So I will now tell you about the system I've discovered at last that does work, my perfect, can't-lose system. Okay, here goes and remember no one *made* you read this far.

When I go out to the track now I take $16 plus five. That's all I need. The five is for expenses. I buy no form sheet, I pay no attention whatever to newspaper selections, tout sheets are ignored. I use a program and that's all. I pick 'em strictly on appeal. If I like the looks of the bay horse, No. 5 Picou up, carrying 115 pounds, I play it. I pay attention to no one and nothing. I look at the tote board *after* I've made my bet. Sometimes, my two-buck ticket in my pocket, the board tells me I will get back seventy cents if my horse wins. Sometimes seventy dollars.

I get action. I get the fresh air and sunshine between races because I'm at the paddock and the walking ring whereas the average system player has his nose buried in the Form or Telegraph. I get a good night's sleep every night. And I get winners. More winners than ever before. I have fun.

Now don't go touting this winning system of mine all over the place. Keep it to yourself, bub. Try it sometime, just once, and see if it doesn't work. See if you don't have the best time you ever had at the track.

WORD OF A GENTLEMAN

IT IS traditional in most penitentiaries for a condemned prisoner to be granted his last wish during the twelve hours preceding his execution. Whatever it happens to be, within reason and prison regulations, the warden makes every effort to supply it.

This is the story, not of a sensational request, but of the human characteristics of a warden who would go to any lengths to keep his promise and how a great penal institution virtually was turned upside down to do it.

Farrington Gill, convicted of murder in California and sentenced to be gassed in San Quentin Prison, came to his last day on earth wanting nothing unusual. He asked the guard in the death house to awaken him early so he could watch his last sunrise. He refused all but the ordinary fare for breakfast, of which he ate heartily. When Warden Clinton Duffy went to his cell about noon he was placidly reading a comic magazine.

Observing Duffy, Gill looked up and grinned. "'Twon't be long now, will it, Warden?"

Duffy strugged to be as cheerful and to have as much fortitude for the ordeal ahead. "Ten tonight, Gill," said he in a kindly

voice. "Is there anything you would like to have?"

The prisoner laid down the magazine and momentarily seemed immersed in deep thought. "Now that you mention it, Warden, there is."

Duffy had heard some strange, crack-pot requests during his years as a prison official and he was prepared for almost anything from this killer with the smouldering, black eyes, nerveless body and heart of stone, so he scarcely could suppress a smile when Gill said: "I'd like to hear the Tales from the Vienna Woods, by Strauss, played. That was the first tune I can remember hearing my mother hum when I was a kid."

The warden sighed with relief, striving to control his emotions. "That's easy," said he. "You shall hear it."

Returning to his office Duffy order assistants to bring a portable phonograph and the record Tales from the Vienna Woods, from the library. An hour later he was informed the recording could not be found.

The warden scowled. "It's probably mis-filed. Go through all of 'em if you have to."

Four o'clock came and Duffy began to worry. He had made a promise to a prisoner and he has a long-standing reputation of never breaking his word to them. In the library he found thirty men sorting over the last of several thousand records. Ten minutes later the librarian threw up his hands. "We don't have it, Warden, said he."

Clinton Duffy summoned Major Hendricks, a lifer and director of the prison orchestra to his office and explained his difficulty. The major said he would do his best.

At five o'clock Hendricks returned. There was no orchestration music of that number in his files, either.

"See here, Major," Duffy said, "I promised Gill he could hear that piece before he goes to the gas chamber and I intend to keep my word if I have to whistle it for him myself." He glanced at his watch. "It's too late to send to San Francisco now. You have to help me."

"Seems to me I remember the tune," said he."

Hendricks sent for the sixty-odd members of the prison orchestra and told them of the warden's dilemna. They went to work. For two hours they rehearsed until finally they thought they had it almost as Strauss had written it. Hendricks then reported to Warden Duffy. "Shall we go in and play it for him?"

Duffy explained it would not be permissible to assemble the orchestra in the death house. Too much theatricals for the other men there . . . a bad precedent. Beside, Gill may want to hear it several times.

A few minutes later a recording machine was brought in and set up and from the improvised score the musicians cut a recording of Tales from the Vienna Woods.

Shortly after eight o'clock, with less than two hours to go before his execution, Farrington Gill sat in his cell and played the record of his choice on a phonograph. When Duffy told him how close he had come to not having his last request granted, and how it finally was managed, the condemned man laughed heartily.

"You never let a fellow down, do you, Warden," said he.

At ten o'clock Gill walked into the gas chamber still humming Tales from the Vienna Woods, the first and last tune he ever heard.

Don Marco stood by the dead man.

Don Marco Keeps The Peace

Failure to kill when life is threatened makes one a fool — or a corpse, the tiger-man learns.

By SASCHA SIEMEL

ONE of the most practical men I have ever known was Don Marco, a former Brazilian soldier who was the law in the diamond mining country in the northeastern Matto Grosso, near the Rio das Garcas in Brazil. Don Marco actually was a half-caste Brazilian but he had a very sound set of values, particularly when it came to knowing when it was necessary to kill a man.

"One should kill only when it is necessary," Don Marco once told me. "Then, if you do not kill, you are a fool and should die yourself."

I had gone into the settlement of Diamantino with the "garimpeiros." In Brazilian diamond-hunting they are the old timers, the equivalent of the "sourdough" in Alaska gold-hunting. This was during my

early years in South America when I traveled as a gun-smith and a dispenser of simple medicines. Oddly enough, this was a more fruitful occupation than that of the diamond-hunters whom I followed.

Shortly after the discovery of diamonds in Diamantino, the government sent Don Marco into the settlement to keep the peace. He was at one time a sargeant in the Brazilian army, a tough old customer and yet friendly and courteous in his way. He was famed, however, as a ruthless killer. I assumed that most of his killings had been done in the interest of law and order.

Don Marco frequently came to the small hut where I worked on the guns of the men in the diamond camp. He told me many strange tales but most of all I was interested in his philosophy of living. He was known as a killer of men, yet he talked at times like a father of children, many of whom were unruly and needed to be disciplined.

A few days after Don Marco came into camp as a representative of the Government and the keeper of the law in that remote and lawless part of Brazil, a man named Joaquim Carioca arrived. He also was famous as a killer but not in defense of the law. He was a shrewd, cruel man, and his price for killing was high. Only those who meant business could afford to hire him.

I disliked him the moment I saw him. He was quiet, soft-spoken and on the surface friendly. He was of medium build, rather slender, and strong. When he walked around the camp, the eyes of everyone followed him. Yet he did not look straight at anyone. Unless one was alone with him it was difficult to be sure to whom he was speaking. His eyes moved constantly and I found it hard to speak civilly to him.

From Don Marco, who seemed to have a great deal of knowledge about the country and every one who inhabited it, I learned of Joaquim Carioca's latest exploit. There had been an argument between two ranchers who lived far to the south of the

Sasha Siemel and jaguar he killed.

settlement of Diamantino. The dispute arose over a calf and one of the ranchers, whose name was Zebu, closed the argument by shooting the other.

Zebu had been wounded in the gunfight and barely managed to get back to his rancho. He had a crew of *vaqueros* at his com-

mand and they protected him from attack by the sons of the slain rancher. Joaquim, who was well known for his skill in this kind of work, was hired for the job of getting revenge on Zebu.

While Zebu was recovering from his wounds, Joaquim rode alone to his ranch. Not suspecting a single traveler who was also a stranger, the cowboys at Zebu's place let him pass. He was told that the rancher was recovering from an injury and he immediately asked permission to see the man and pay his respects.

Zebu's wife led Joaquim into the room and brought in a tray with coffee. She left, leaving the visitor to chat with her husband. Presently Joaquim turned and bade a friendly "good-bye" to Zebu — who was dead in his bed, with a knife thrust in his heart — and walked unmolested from the house.

The cowboys in the *galpao,* or bunkhouse, waved unsuspectingly at the stranger as he mounted his horse and rode down the trail on his way to collect his fee.

When Don Marco told me this story, I said:

"Why don't you arrest the man?"

He shrugged.

"If I arrested all the murderers in this camp, there would be few people left to dig for diamonds. And besides, we have no jail. Where would I take them? Even if I should go to the extreme labor of transporting Senor Carioca to Cuyaba, I doubt if a jury would convict him. In the Matto Grosso, the dead man is usually the criminal, as long as there is a live one to bargain with!"

This somewhat cynical philosophy disturbed me. Nevertheless, I did not argue the point.

A few days later a boy came to my hut with Senor Carioca's gun and said I was to repair it. It was a rather odd-looking European gun, of a type which I had never seen. I sent it back with information what my price would be. It was fairly stiff because I had not seen this make of weapon before and I knew it would be a difficult job to work on it.

The price I had set was as much as the value of the weapon. Knowing that Joaquim Carioca would be incensed at this figure, because he would have expected, in view of his reputation, any gun-smith would be glad to repair his revolver without charge, I decided to pay a visit to Don Marco.

As I left my hut I saw Joaquim Carioca walking up the road toward me. He was moving in a direct line, without hesitation, which was not his way of advancing upon anyone he intended to kill. Therefore I assumed he would be friendly.

His eyes, in their shifty orbit, seemed to dance around me. As he drew close, he said:

"That was an unfriendly thing to do, Senor. You exact a high price for the repair of a pistol."

"My prices," I told him shortly "are my own. I make them. I did not ask for your business and if you think the price is too high, take it somewhere else."

He shrugged, spreading his hands.

"There is no one else in camp."

It was my turn to be noncommittal.

"Look, Senor Siemel," he persisted. "There is no reason for us to be enemies. Most people actually prefer to be my friends. They find it safer in the long run. You have a certain reputation — So have I!"

He was referring to an incident that occurred shortly after I ar-

rived in the diamond camp. It may be necessary to explain that the Brazilian diamond camp is not unlike the gold mining camps of the Western United States and Alaska. Men who follow a "boom," as diamond diggers, are of the same type that followed the trail of gold. There is danger and hard work, strong loyalties and treachery everywhere.

Very early in my travels through the diamond country of central Brazil, between the Araguaya River and the great plateau of the Matto Grosso, I had learned that in this wild country a steady hand and careful judgment was of greater value than the largest diamond to be found. Many times a man faces death and the margin of safety lies in his reliance upon his own judgment and his coolness.

On this particular occasion, to which Joaquim referred, a small, vicious man named Jose Bahiano, known as a good knife fighter, had decided it would enhance his reputation to puncture a few holes in my hide.

One day, returning from the camp store where I had purchased a few things, I accidentally bumped into this fellow and dropped my bundle. As I straightened up, I noticed that he was cutting a plug of tobacco with a long, sharp-pointed knife.

I had no weapon except my fists. But in the Matto Grosso, the most dangerous thing is to hit a man with your fist. If you cannot avoid a fight and it becomes necessary to hit a man, you should kill him, because while he is alive, he never will rest until he has killed you in revenge for the insult upon his person.

Consequently, I knew I must either hit Jose Behiano, knock him down and kill him, or avoid a fight. So I kidded him.

Jose was surprised. He continued to touch the knife-blade with his finger tip and to watch me cautiously. I laughed at the accident and picked up my bundle. He was greatly puzzled and finally nodded and passed on.

That peculiar incident enhanced my reputation and it was to this that Joaquim Carioca referred. I knew instantly that he had decided that his own reputation required that he kill me.

I said, as calmly as I could:

"I am in the business of repairing guns, not making friends. Furthermore, I am not a sick man in bed! If you want trouble, you can have it now!"

Senor Carioca bowed courteously.

"If I should wish to fight, Senhor Siemel," he retorted, "I would pick the time and place as it suits me. Perhaps I will see you later, in the afternoon?"

He turned his back and walked down the road. I would not have had the same confidence in him. Nevertheless, I knew he was playing a careful game. Somehow I had attracted his enmity or perhaps I had become unwittingly the target of his ambition. At any rate, I was a marked man in the camp as far as Joaquim Carioca was concerned.

I returned to my hut. A few minutes later Don Marco arrived:

"I saw all that happened," he said quietly. "You should have killed the little weasel."

I looked at him in astonishment.

"From you, Don Marco! I thought you were sworn to uphold the law in this place."

He spat on the dirt floor in disgust.

"What an opportunity you have lost! The assassin! You should have shot him and everyone would have applauded you. Now

what have you done? He is strutting down the road like a rooster and I shall have to do your dirty work. But I will not get any applause for it. Just the dog of a policeman — shooting innocent people. Why are you gringoes such fools?"

There was a touch of disgust in Don Marco's tone. I suddenly realized that he meant exactly what he said. He thought I was a fool.

"Don Marco!" I exclaimed. "If that snake had made the slightest menacing movement toward me, I would have felt no more remorse shooting him than if he had been a reptile in the grass. He never made a motion toward me, however, and I am not a murderer!"

Don Marco spat again.

"You could have killed him easily," he muttered. "Now I shall have to do it, probably under the most difficult circumstances."

I tried my best to explain my position.

"Your job is to kill people who are breaking laws. You have to do it to restore order. But what right have I to kill a man because he objects to my price for repairing a pistol?"

Don Marco snorted.

"You are a damned fool with your idea of human rights," he said, and left the hut.

During the afternoon, I hardly saw Joaquim Carioca. He moved through the camp but made no move to come my way. Yet I knew that in his strange mind, I was a man marked for death. Somehow, he had established a personal feud which did not exist in my mind but did in his. I was quite sure he would not try to ambush me in sight of everyone in the camp. I was not only a fairly respectable man in Diamantino but I was the only man who could repair guns and dispense medicine. Joaquim would recognize this status and would be sure that any violence against my person, except in the nature of self-defense, would result in a lynching.

After thinking the matter over, I decided that perhaps Don Marco was right. I had left myself in a constant state of suspense, not knowing when my self-declared enemy would strike. He had nothing to fear from me and yet I had everything to fear from him. He could strike when he chose; I was bound not to strike unless provoked.

The situation was so one-sided I decided to remedy it. I made up my mind that if Joaquim so much as started an argument, I would insult him. And the instant he drew his gun, I would shoot him. This was, in effect, Don Marco's own philosophy.

Unfortunately, however, I had waited too late to put it into practice.

Toward sundown, I saw Joaquim ambling toward my hut. He was walking rather erratically and I suddenly realized that he was drunk. I could see two .44 caliber guns swinging from his hips. This changed the situation. I could hardly expect him to last through the various stages of insulting repartee I had planned. In all probability he was so fired up with liquor he would start shooting at any moment.

I decided to retire to the interior of my hut and see if I could plan something that would work to my advantage in the situation. Quickly I stepped back inside the door and reached for my .44 Colt which was on a shelf beside the door. All of a sudden I felt ridiculous. Here was a man approaching my door who

had announced his intention of killing me and I had the unsavory alternative of either shooting him as he entered, which was little better than ambushing him, or waiting for him to come in with his gun blazing.

His footsteps beat a steady, crunching tattoo on the road as he approached. I tried to make up my mind what to do. It was a ticklish problem because I did not intend to be killed by a drunken desperado; and at the same time I inwardly revolted at the thought of deliberately shooting a drunken man.

"What a pickle I am in!" I thought. "And all because I did not follow Don Marco's sensible advice and shoot the fellow when it was appropriate to do so!"

While I was working out the problem in my mind, a shadow darkened the door.

"Get out!" I yelled and levelled my gun.

There was a sudden explosion quickly followed by a second shot. Joaquim had turned and started to run as I spoke. Perhaps he had expected to catch me in a tractible mood, as he had before, and finding me in a more belligerent frame of mind he had decided to leave.

At any rate, I dove through the door after him, and found him lying on his face in the road. Don Marco, carbine cradled in the crook of his arm, stood a few feet away.

"Caught him in the act of attempted murder," he muttered, almost apoligetically. He walked up and kicked Joaquim in the face to make sure he was dead. "Anyway, I guess it makes no difference. I told you I would have to do the dirty work. I have been lying behind this log," he pointed to the stump of a fallen tree a few feet from my hut "for two hours, which is exactly what you should have done."

With that, Don Marco shook out his *lasso,* tossed the loop over Joaquim's neck and then brought his horse from behind a clump of trees. He looped the rope around the saddle horn and dragged the body of the Terror of Diamantino out of camp and up the road a half mile where the vultures solved the problem.

Arithmetic Department

Caravan's editor cannot resist passing this one along, heard at the Dutch Treat Club luncheon, famous writers-editors-advertising men club: George Marek, author of the Good Housekeeping Guide to Musical Enjoyment recalled the time Leopold Godowsky, famous pianist, sat down to play a duet with Albert Einstein on the fiddle. The discordant music that resulted annoyed Godowsky to a point where he could restrain himself no longer. "Einstein, what's the matter with you? Can't you count one, two, three . . . one, two, three?"

The tables are turned in Madrid ring as bull tosses bandillero

The Unconquerable Bull

In Madrid they tell the story of the bull that would not die — Here the pictures speak for themselves.

By TOM TERRISS

ANDALUSIA. Sunny Spain. A hot afternoon. An old farm at the foot of the Sierra Morena mountains. A daisy covered field in which bulls are peacefully grazing. These are fierce animals, everyone trained to fight, beasts that can outrun the fastest horse, outfight any living animal. Three men watch them from the other side of a fence, the old owner of the farm and two buyers from the bullrings up North. They have bought the

The matador, who is supposed to kill the bull, is seen (above) being gored. He escapes (below) blood streaming from bad wound.

Here Mr. Bull knocks a picador from his horse and kills the latter.

herd save the biggest and most powerful of all, Bonito. This one the farmer does not wish to sell. It is his favorite and he loves it. But the others are adamant. "We will give you double the price for Bonito and if you will not sell him we take none," they say. The old man sighs, he needs money badly. So with a shrug of his shoulders and a heavy heart he nods. Bonito must die in the bullring!

The scene changes. It is a Spanish bullfight. A sea of faces surges like the swell of an ocean. Color is everywhere. Above, a deep blue sky. Below, a basin of yellow sand. The upper tiers are decorated with the fringes of brilliant shawls lining the circular rows of boxes. There is the scarlet and gold of the band, the red jackets of the mozos, the green uniforms of the civil guards, the hoarse cries of thousands of onlookers as they await the next bull. Above the din a bugle blows. A sudden hush comes over the multitude as the big gates leading to the bull-pens open. Two boys lean far over the top and as a black mass moves out blinking its eyes in the sun, throw down with unerring precision, two tiny darts. The beast roars, leaps into the area and the big fight is on!

Never has the Plaza de Toros seen a bull like this. Nothing seems to tire it. It fights with a ferocity and a bravery never yet equalled. And when the moment arrives that the matador must dispatch it with his sword there is not one in that vast audience that would change places with him for a million pesetas. But the bull will die, there is no doubt of that, as one of the greatest matadors in Spain is facing him.

No-one knows that better than an old man, an old man from a farm up in the Sierra Morenas, who has dragged himself to the arena to see how gamely Bonito will die. With a heart as heavy as the picador's armour he would gladly give back ten times what he received but it is too late.

The signal comes for the arena to be cleared of everyone save the matador, who has never been known to fail. The old man gazes imploringly toward that graceful figure in silk and satin. The strong sunlight glints along the thin steel blade of the pointed sword. The bull charges, the sword is tossed aside. Again and again the matador tries at the peril of his life. But it is useless, Bonito defies every effort

to kill him. Never has the bull-ring seen anything like it. Soon the amphitheatre resounds with the strangest cry of all. For the first time in that bloody arena the crowd is asking that the bull's life be spared. The governor raises his hand and gives the signal.

The arena is cleared. The discomfited matador sullenly retires and Bonito stands in the center of that bloodstained ring, triumphant and alone. Now, how to get him out. That is the question! As a rule cows are sent in and the bull mixing with them trots peacefully away. But this is with bulls who have shown no courage. Never has there been a case like this. Bonito in his maddened state is liable to kill any living thing that comes into that arena.

Everyone is wondering what will happen next, when the figure of an old man is seen to climb the barrier ring and walk fearlessly toward the monster, viciously pawing the sand into clouds of dust; trembling and bellowing with the pain of its wounds and with the rage in its heart. Men shout, women shriek, but the old man walks on as peacefully as though he were in the fields of his beloved Andalusia. As he nears the animal, the pawing stops and the cruel horns are lowered ready for the charge. The deathlike silence throughout that vast arena is broken by the feeble voice of the old farmer calling, calling in the voice of the fields! For a brief moment the animal is quiet. Will it understand? The horns that are lowered for the charge are being raised. The voice is reviving memories of green meadows and white daisies, of sweet clover and cool running

A spectator with ambitions jumps into ring and soon learns mistake.

streams. As it hears across the sand, "Bonito! Mi Bonito! Mi querida, vengaqui!" there comes a cry,, the most pathetic cry a dumb animal could give. Bonito knows and understands that somewhere near him is the only human being he ever has loved, the only one ever to show him compassion, and as he hears the cry the old farmer stops and waits. Bonito is staggering in his direction and at that unusual sight every man and woman in that huge audience is silent, all thinking alike. Will the animal in its blind rage still charge? Will its mood change? As it hesitates there floats over the arena again that call, "BONITO! BONITO!"

The next moment the man is by its side, stroking the bleeding neck, whispering in its ear the language of the fields in low, inaudible words. As he does, there comes from the beast a strange, low, almost inarticulate cry as though saying, "What have I done to them that I should be crucified? Take me away from here . . . to the fields . . . to the streams . . . to my own land . . . and you. And his master, understanding, presses his cracked lips upon the bloody forehead and with one arm around the crimson brown neck, starts to move with him toward the gates. At times, the bull, utterly spent, halts with the old man making pitiful, almost ludicrous attempts to support it. Not a sound comes from the crowd but as that strange pair melts into the shadows, the arena shakes with a tremendous uproar. . . .

Bravo Bonito! Bravo el hombre! Toro magnifico! Bonito! Bonito!

And to this day they tell the story of Bonito. Of the bull that would not die! The bull unconquerable!

This English matador thought he was good before entering the ring in Madrid.

He starts out well enough (above) but a moment later the bull takes the initiative (below) gores him badly and wins the fight.

Killer of Killers

It Takes A Gunman to Get a Gunman. John Slaughter Filled The Bill And Tamed Old Tombstone.

John Slaughter

By HORACE BAILEY BROWN

ABOUT the time Ed Schieffelin discovered silver on the bleak, rocky slopes of the Dragoons in the San Pedro Valley, John Slaughter was driving his first great herd of cattle from the Pan-Handle into Cochise County, Arizona.

Slaughter was a wiry, grim little cowman, afraid of neither man nor beast, who had grown up on the range, fought Kiowas and Comanches in Texas, served in the Confederate army during the Civil War, ridden with the Rangers and learned the lessons of life in a hard, savage country. Some say he was ruthless and arrogant, thinking no more of killing a man than he did of squirting a stream of tobacco juice into a sawdust-filled box in the corner of a saloon. They will tell you that most of the

Bird's eye view of Tombstone, 1880. The toughest town in the west.

Pictures from Rose Collection

score or more men he shot died from the lethal slugs of his scattergun when he had the drop on them or were the victims of his deadly aim at long range with his rifle. Yet even his most severe critics admit he never provoked a gun-fight; nor is it on record that he ever ran away from one. The truth is he could draw his famous pearl-handled Colt and shoot it faster and more accurately than anyone who ever challenged him.

Honest to a point of fanaticism, he hated crooks of all kinds. Taciturn and never given to boasting, he frequently said God was the only one who could reform a criminal and He could do a better and more permanent job of it in a personal interview. "So I send 'em to visit Him."

One time when asked how many men he had killed, he replied: "I never counted 'em but every one deserved to die."

On another occasion after he had served three years as sheriff of Cochise County, when someone inquired how he had been so successful in arresting rustlers and killers without getting plugged himself, he said laconically: "I shoot first and yell it's the lawr, surrender, afterward."

John Slaughter arrived in the San Pedro Valley in the summer of 1879 with 5,000 head of steers he and his foreman, John Roberts, had driven up through the Lincoln County of Billy The Kid. It was a perfect range for cattle raising, lush with gamma grass, mild of temperature and with ample water. Moreover, it was close to the California market for beef, which was the main reason he had decided to leave Texas. On the trip he had stopped in Tularosa, New Mexico, long enough to marry a Miss

Lynching of Johnnie Heath

Viola Howell, his second wife.

Typical of Slaughter's play was the time Bitter-Creek Gallagher, a rustler and gunman, attempted to run a blazer on him while he was resting his herd before reaching Arizona. Bitter-Creek claimed that 50 head of choice stock of his own had wandered into the Slaughter herd as it passed over the range he was using. With a crew outnumbering John's drivers two to one, Gallagher started to cut out the steers.

Now Slaughter had come by his property through too much hard work to see it stolen from him in any such manner. So he rode up to Bitter Creek, rifle in the crook of his arm, and said: "All these steers are mine. Git goin', Rustler!"

Gallagher was livid with rage, but Slaughter's reputation had preceeded him, and the bad man decided it was the better part of discretion to hit the trail but not before threatening to kill John and take the steers anyway when he came back.

Two days later Roberts spotted riders approaching some distance off and reported to his boss. Slaughter drew his rifle from its saddle scabbard and dismounted, telling his men to go on ahead. Leading the band of a dozen horsemen was Gallagher and as he came closer the cattleman saw he was carrying a shotgun. Without a moment's hesitation, Slaughter shot the horse from under his adversary. As Bitter Creek rose from the dust roaring defiance, he drew his six-shooter and began firing. Slaughter thereupon cut him down with a slug through the chest.

John next turned his rifle on the nearest riders, who had reigned in their mounts when their leader fell. Two toppled

to the ground and the others beat a hasty retreat.

After Gallagher died, Slaughter ordered his body and the two others buried, whereupon he said a short, extemporaneous prayer beseeching the Almighty to reform his victims so they would live better lives in the next world.

By the time Slaughter was settled on his new ranch in Cochise County, the mining camp, created by Scheiffelin's discovery of silver in April 1879 had grown into a sizeable city. It had been named after the discovery lode which the old desert rat and prospector had christened "The Tombstone" when he remembered with a bit of irony how the Indian scout, Al Sieber, had warned him, "if you keep on prospectin' in them thare hills what you'll find won't be silver stones but your tombstone."

Almost overnight, Tombstone became the Mecca for every badman, gambler and prostitute on the frontier from Dodge City to the Mexican border. Swiftly it gained the dubious distinction of being the "toughest town" in the west.

It was, too. Murders became commonplace. Not a day passed that there wasn't a new grave dug on Boot Hill. The business establishments were robbed almost nightly. Women and children were not safe on the streets at any time. Stage coaches were held up regularly, their drivers and passengers slain, their strong boxes looted. Cattle rustling and horse stealing doubled. And the riff-raff of the flaming frontier continued to come to Tombstone where great fortunes were being taken out of the fabulous silver mines.

John Slaughter fitted into this picture perfectly. Slight of stature, what he lacked in brawn he made up for in fearlessness and the respect the lawless held for his deadly rifle and Colt .45.

Sign on Boothill Graveyard where many of the killers are buried.

Welcome to Tombstone
AND BOOTHILL GRAVEYARD.
BURIED HERE. ARE THE REMAINS OF
TOM McLOWERY - FRANK McLOWERY AND BILLIE CLANTON
KILLED IN EARP-CLANTON BATTLE SEPT. 26 TH. 1881
DAN DOWD. RED SAMPLE. TEX HOWARD. BILL DeLANEY AND DAN KELLY
HANGED LEGALLY BY J.E.WARD. SHERIFF. FOR THE BISBEE MASSACRE. MAR. 8TH 1884
JOHN HEATH
LYNCHED BY BISBEE MOB. FEB. 22 ND. 1884
M. R. PEEL
MURDERED IN CHARLESTON MARCH 8TH 1882.
BILLY GROUNDS. DUTCH ANNIE. INDIAN BILL. PAT LYNCH. BILLY KINSMAN. BLACK JACK. BRADY BROTHERS
MIKE NOONAN.

He attended to his own business, guarded his stock jealously, killed thieves on sight if he caught them and ruled his private domain with a mailed fist.

Of course this made him many enemies in Cochise County, particularly among the rustlers and bandits who boasted they would kill him on sight but never had the courage to face him. Occasionally some newcomer, not knowing too well of his reputation, chanced a show-down. It usually ended disastrously, but not for Slaughter.

One day Black Mike Delaney, a notorious gunman and horse thief, decided to make a reputation for himself at the expense of the cattleman. Slaughter was striding down the dusty street, a picturesque figure in his white Stetson hat, tooled leather boots and fancy waistcoat. At his hip swung the famous white-handled six-gun and in the corner of his mouth was tucked the inevitable black cigar.

As Slaughter approached the Oriental saloon, Delaney said to a companion, "Watch what's a-goin' to happen to the dude."

Black Mike waited until Slaughter was abreast, then bellowed:

"Hold up there, Dude!"

Slaughter stopped, turned toward the speaker and saw he was looking into the barrel of a forty-five.

Men crowded out of the Oriental and halted along the street to watch. Delaney, having the drop, was in his glory.

"Take that cigar out of your mouth while I talk to you. It ain't respectful to smoke in the presence of your betters so I'll learn you a lesson in etiquette."

With that Black Mike's gun boomed and the cigar in Slaughter's mouth disintegrated. There was a roar of laughter from the onlookers but their mirth was short lived. Instantly Slaughter drew and fired. Delaney's weapon spun out of his shattered hand. As swiftly as he had shot, he strode to Black Mike's side and swung his fist flush to the jaw sending the outlaw sprawling in the street.

"If it's etiquette and respect you're interested in, I'll do a little teaching myself," he drawled.

Picking up Delaney's gun he emptied the cylinder then threw it into the fellow's face, cutting a deep gash in his cheek.

"There's your hardware, Horsethief. Now get out of town and stay out. If you come back I'll kill you on sight."

No one ever saw or heard of Black Mike Delaney again in Cochise County.

Adjoining Slaughter's ranch, Ike and Billy Clanton operated a layout that was reputed to be a hangout for rustlers. The reputation of the Clantons themselves was not above reproach and Slaughter constantly had trouble with them, several times riding to their place, gun ready for action and, after all but calling them thieves, demanding that they return certain sters he said had somehow found their way into the Clanton's corrals.

He got his property back, all right, but with it the undying enmity of Ike and Billy. Twice they attempted to dry-gulch him but neither wanted any part of him face to face.

During the next eight years John Slaughter prospered and grew in the estimation and respect of the law-abiding citizens of Cochise County. Gradually the lawless learned it was better to leave him alone, to stay away from his herds; wise not to seek trouble with him if they valued their lives. Two gunmen, Ed Lyle and Cap Stilwell, once boasted

in the Robles Hotel bar how they were going to kill him on sight. They disappeared. Frank and Tom McLowery, later slain in the battle of the O.K. Corral by Wyatt Earp and his killers, would have shot Slaughter gladly had they dared face him in a gunfight. Earp himself had no love for the cattleman, but studiously avoided trouble with him. Curly Bill Brocius and John Ringo, a pair of the most vicious killers of that era, had no guts to face Slaughter's Colt and gave him a wide berth. Even Doc Holliday, the most cold-blooded killer of them all, who, they said was so thin that when he turned sideways toward an adversary it was like shooting at the edge of a sheet of paper, was peaceable indeed whenever Slaughter was around, chancing no show-down with him.

Meantime Tombstone's reputation went from bad to worse. Not only that, but lawlessness spread throughout Cochise County to Galeyville, Benson, Charleston, Sulphur Springs and Bisbee, where, on December 8th, 1883 the infamous Bisbee massacre was staged. Four honest citizens were slain in a wild mele when the Goldwater and Castenada general store was raided. Months later Dan Dowd, Red Sample, Tex Howard, Dan Kelly and Bill Delaney were caught and after a trial publicly hanged for the crime and afterward Johnny Heath, also convicted but sentenced to life in the territorial prison, was lynched by infuriated citizens but this triumph of justice, engineered by the weak-willed Sheriff John Behan, hardly compensated for the continued violence.

Then the mines were flooded when the shafts penetrated some underground body of wafer and soon the exodus of miners and speculators began. But Tombstone's reputation by now had spread far and wide and a new crop of criminals descended on the bustling city.

By the spring of 1887 Cochise County had become so infested with crooks that a citizen's committee, headed by John Clum, editor of the Tombstone Epitaph, began looking around for a man who had the honesty and courage to clean up the city. Naturally they quickly turned to John Slaughter who accepted the commission with the terse statement:

"Yes, but *I* will be the law."

Slaughter, like most frontiersmen, was suspicious of lawyers, courts and judges. He knew that frequently guilty criminals went free instead of being punished because of trickery. So he appointed himself the arresting officer, judge, jury and executioner in every case. If he was ruthless and high-handed, it must be remembered he lived in a day and on a pioneer frontier that was heartless and savage requiring men to face stern realties if they were to survive.

Slaughter moved in on his new job as sheriff with speed. He appointed two of his top cowhands, Burt Alvord and Billy Claibourne, deputies. Within a month the criminal element knew he meant business and moved out of Tombstone to Charleston and Galeyville. Under the stern discipline of Slaughter, saloons such as the Oriental, the Alhambra, the Crystal Palace and Robles Hotel, which had been the scenes of almost countless killings during the past nine years, suddenly became placid and orderly. When the Robles brothers, Manuel and Guadelupe, (not connected with the hotel) staged a train robbery killing several persons, Slaughter followed them into the Whetstone

Mountains, killed them both and added Juan Soto to his list for good measure when he proved the latter had engineered the crime, even though he was not present at the scene.

Shortly after Slaughter became sheriff, there was a train holdup near Nogales, in Mexico. It was out of the lawman's jurisdiction but he learned the bandits were headed for Charleston. Alvord went to watch the saloons there and while he found no robbers he heard that one Nieves (Bill) Deron, a notorious killer and cattle rustler, had been in on the deal. This he communicated to the sheriff.

One day Slaughter walked into the Alhambra and spied Deron and two strangers drinking at the bar. Approaching them he inquired: "Aren't you Bill Deron?"

Staring insolently at the lawman, the fellow growled: "What's it to you? I don't know you and I ain't anxious to make your acquaintance."

Slaughter said quietly: *"I'm* the law hereabouts and I aim to get acquainted with them I don't know and don't like the looks of."

Deron sneered. "Get out," he bellowed, dropping his hand near his gun, "before they carry you out feet first."

Almost with the same motion, Slaughter drew his Colt with one hand and yanked the big gold watch he carried from his waistcoat pocket with the other. "You and your pardners here have got just five minutes to get out of town and stay out," he drawled. "We ain't had a double funeral on Boot Hill in most two weeks now and we don't like horse thieves that are above ground."

Purple with rage, Deron cursed and began a tirade against the lawman. Calmly Slaughter glanced at the watch he held.

"Two minutes left," said he.

Without waiting longer Deron and his companions walked to their horses hitched outside and mounted. As they started away the bandit shouted: "You got the drop on me this time, you son-of-a-bitch, but I'll be back and preside at that funeral which will be yourn, not mine."

The sheriff's gun boomed a warning farewell and Deron's hat flew off his head and dropped in the road to the accompaniment of gales of laughter from the bystanders.

A month later Deron came back, his gun blazing, and Sheriff Slaughter killed him.

The shooting of Deron brought about a remarkable change in the attitude of the badmen who had taken over Cochise County and Tombstone after the mines were flooded and Slaughter became sheriff. They needed no more convincing evidence that the cattleman meant it when he said *"I* am the law." Moreover those who still had secret ambitions to add to their reputations as killers by knocking off the sheriff lacked the fortitude to chance gun-play with him.

There still remained the smouldering feud between old Ike Clanton and Slaughter. Billy Clanton, the younger of the brothers, had been killed in the battle at the O.K. Corral when Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday and their gunmen mowed down the McLowerys and Billy. Ike had run away from the fight in abject terror. For a time the old rustler holed up on his ranch unable to take the ridicule and open scorn of the men of Tombstone for his cowardice. But he still nursed a burning hatred of Slaughter and bided his time to get him.

One day the sheriff and Viola,

John P. Clum, left, editor of the Tombstone Epitph. At right are Billy Hildreth, seated, and Burt Alvord, Slaughter's deputies.

his wife, were driving from Tombstone to their ranch in a buckboard. It was a hot, sultry afternoon and the team was jogging along at an easy pace when Mrs. Slaughter saw a lone rider disappear behind a clump of mesquite past which they would drive in a few minutes.

Calling John's attention to it, he handed her the reins and told her to drive along a safe distance from the place where the horseman had disappeared. He got out and started walking straight toward the ambush. Observing what her husband was doing she called to him: "You

better come back, John. That man had a gun in his hand!"

In his customary manner, the sheriff turned, reassuring her in a laconic drawl: "So have I."

Upon reaching the mesquite, Slaughter found Ike Clanton sitting his horse and no apparent reason for his being there.

"What you waiting for, Ike?" said he.

Clanton stared at him, rage written on his face. "Just restin' my hoss."

"Ike," the sheriff said, "you're a liar. You thought you might dry-gulch me. I should kill you on the spot but I'm not going to this time. Now hit the trail. The next time you see me, start shootin' because that's what I'm going to do."

It was an unusually long speech for the taciturn little gunman and finishing it, he turned and walked back to the buckboard.

It was the last time Ike Clanton ever was seen around Cochise County. He disposed of his ranch and disappeared, later being reported shot in a brawl south of the border.

There were many episodes of the kind during the three years Slaughter was sheriff of Cochise. There were others about which only John could relate the circumstances. He rarely did. When he rode alone into the mountains after cattle or horse thieves he never brought them back alive, merely reporting he had chased them out of the county and he didn't think they would return. They didn't, either. But the owner of the stolen property invariably got it back and many was the time Slaughter returned with a missing horse, its saddle empty, and many was the unmarked grave he left in the desert.

In 1890 John Slaughter retired as sheriff of Cochise, declining another term with the statement the criminals had been driven out and he was going back to the peaceful life of a rancher.

Slaughter had done his job

Slaughter, near the end of his life on his San Bernadino Ranch.

well. Tombstone had become a quiet and safe place for law-abiding citizens to live. Memories of the terror of the old days lived on but only as tales of a hard and savage frontier. The bloody days of the Earps and McLowerys were over. Billy Grounds and Zwing Hunt were gone to glory even though the shocking story of the massacre they engineered in Skeleton Canyon, when they murdered 50 Mexicans and stole a million dollars worth of loot from a smugglers train, was a tale to be retold to future generations. Buckskin Frank Leslie no longer tended bar at the Oriental. Dutch Annie, queen of the prostitutes, had gone to her reward and Johnnie - Behind - The - Deuce O'Rourke no longer haunted the gaming tables.

For the remainder of his life John Slaughter stuck to cattle raising eventually acquiring a hundred thousand acres of range land in Southern Arizona. As the years passed he became one of the leading citizens of the state, always ready to use a gun if necessary, always arrogant and ruthless, always honest and forthright. And when he died in 1922 at 81, the memory of him lived on, his eulogy written indelibly for the ages in the sands of the desert and the rocks of the mountains he loved, as the man whose fearlessness and blazing guns had brought order out of chaos.

From Bad To Worse

OLD Bill Mason had been a killer, bank robber and all-around thief and bad-man most of his life. During the few years he had been free since his youth, he had cost the people of the country in loot, and expenses to capture, prosecute and board him in a variety of jails, more than $3,000,000. The last time he ran amok in New York back in 1927, they put him in cold storage for good as a habitual criminal.

He was 72 years old and had done 48 years in five different state and federal penitentiaries before the late Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York, paroled him to Joseph Stanley Sheppard, at that time chief of the Salvation Army Men's Prison Bureau and president of the American Prison Association.

Bill Mason had been a tall, angular, shy boy who lived in a small town in Western Pennsylvania. He wanted to be a minister. He went to church regularly, attended Sunday School where he was a leader until he was fifteen. He used to take up the collection and one time, while passing the plate, he accidently tripped over the feet of the preacher's boy, Paul. Bill's heavy boots scratched one of the lad's shiny new patent leather shoes. Seeing the damage, the youth pushed Bill and called him an ugly name.

Quick tempered and resentful, Bill hit Paul right in church, for which he was promptly tossed out of the house of God and told never to enter its sacred precincts again.

Bill was sorry and apologized to Paul but there was no forgiveness in his, or his father's heart. Every Sunday for three months thereafter Bill went to church and as regularly was refused admission. So he would sit on the lawn, join in the responses and singing, listen to the sermon and when it came time for the collection to be taken up, toss his pennies through the window. The righteous people inside threw them right back at him.

Finally Bill became tired of this and decided if that was religion he could get along without it. He ran away from home and went west where he became successively a cow puncher, gold miner and eventually a sourdough in Alaska where he panned out a fortune.

Returning to California with his new wealth he bought a combination gambling and bawdy house. He prospered for a time, then went broke when a gambler friend of the late Tex Rickard played faro with him and won everything he owned.

Bill burned with greed for easy money and turned thief.

When Sheppard first knew him he was a lifer in the Big House on the Hudson. One Sunday the Salvation Army man was preaching to the convicts on the subject "It Can Be Done." After the service Bill asked him: "Do you think it can be done for me, Mr. Sheppard?"

Sheppard thought so, after checking on Bill's 20-year record in the prison and later convinced Governor Smith he should be paroled.

Freedom was something Bill Mason had almost forgotten as he rode from Ossining to New York. At Grand Central Terminal he couldn't remember how to find his way to the subway. He asked a stranger. The man, about Bill's age, suave and friendly, offered to show him. He asked where Bill was going. "Sure, he knew where the Salvation Army building was on 14th Street. He'd take Bill right to the door."

As his subway friend left him, Bill's memory turned back many years. There was something vaguely familiar about the fellow. While he waited for Sheppard, he tried to think where he had seen the man before. Then he remembered. It was Paul——, the minister's son, of that little town back in Pennsylvania.

Presently Sheppard called Bill into his office. Bill related his experience with Paul on the subway.

Pretty soon Sheppard gave Bill the address of a rooming house where arrangements had been made for him to stay.

As Bill started to leave, Sheppard said: "Did they give you money before you left, Bill?"

Bill said they had. They gave him fifteen dollars at the prison. He had used but a small part of it to come to New York on the train. He reached in his pocket to show Sheppard.

A look of dismay and terror came over Old Bill's face. Frantically he went through all his pockets but his money was gone.

"Guess I must of lost it, but I don't see how because I kept my hand on it all the way down. Except on the subway . . ."

Then Bill's face grew dark, like in the old days when hate inflamed him to acts of violence. His voice trembled.

"Why that skunk of a Paul. He picked my pocket!"

MEET THE AUTHORS

Erle Stanley Gardner

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Here is the creator of Perry Mason at his best. Mr. Gardner started his career as a lawyer practicing in criminal court, later turning to writing. He turns out more than a million words a year and still finds time to help men in trouble.

Attilio Gatti

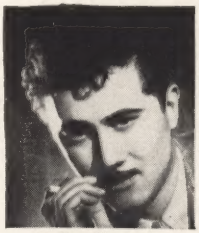
COMMANDER ATTILIO GATTI

No explorer of the past three decades knows more about Africa than Gatti. Just back from his eleventh expedition to the Dark Continent he now is planning a twelfth safari. Gatti has written more than 30 books and hundreds of magazine articles about his unusual adventures.

Mickey MacDougall

MICHAEL (MICKEY) MacDOUGALL

Known far and wide as "The Card Detective," Mickey MacDougall is at the head of the list as the nemesis of gambling cheats. A showman, card manipulator and writer of top rank he never fails to entertain his audiences with the true stories of his experiences in the casinos.



Leslie Charteris

LESLIE CHARTERIS

Everyone who knows "The Saint" knows Charteris. World traveler, author of many books and magazine stories and raconteur extraordinary, he goes to the far away places to bring his readers a thrill. Once, when asked why he elected to be a writer, he replied: "It's much better than working."

Sasha Siemel

SASHA SIEMEL

The "Tiger Man" of Brazil takes a back seat for no writer when it comes to relating his adventures in the Matto Grosso where he and his wife, Edith, live most of the time. Siemel's vocation is studying and aiding the natives of the jungle, his avocation killing jaguars with a spear.

STEWART HOLBROOK

A student and author who knows the woods from Maine to Oregon and writes about lumber camps and loggers with a zest he takes right to the heart of his readers. His stories of the big timber are not only fascinating entertainment but authentic bits of Americana and historical documents.

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